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THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

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PARTY REGULARITY OR COUNTRY.

WE can respect the Democrat who is honestly convinced that free coinage and the other alarming things advocated in the Chicago platform will serve the best interests of the country, and who for that reason supports Mr. BRYAN as a candidate for the Presidency. We may have a very poor opinion of his understanding; but as a man of honest motives he may claim the regard due even to ill-advised sincerity. We respect the Democrat who believes that the policies and doctrines advanced in the Chicago platform are a most serious menace to the honor and welfare of the American people, but who thinks that Mr. BRYAN can more surely be defeated and that the interests of the country can better be protected by the nomination of sound-money Democratic candidates against the BRYAN ticket than by asking sound-money Democrats to vote directly for Mr. McKINLEY. While there may be a difference of opinion on that point, there can be no question as to the patriotic motives of such Democrats. But when we see Democrats who down to the time of the meeting of the Chicago Convention were vociferous in their denunciation of the doctrines and policies put forth in the Chicago platform as utterly subversive of the public honor and welfare, now turn round and advocate the election of the candidates representing that platform on the ground that they were regularly nominated and that party regularity must be maintained, and that they themselves do not wish to forfeit their standing in the "regular organization," we cannot but turn away with a feeling of contempt.

That Tammany Hall, notwithstanding all its loud sound-money demonstrations, should do such a thing is not surprising. It has of late years become so completely and so notoriously an organization for public pillage, and it has so consistently and conspicuously shaped its whole course toward this one end, that nothing but an attitude of the most selfish calculation could be expected of it. The only question which the genuine Tammany man naturally asks himself is whether this or that course will be likely to put the greatest quantity of spoil within Tammany's grasp. There are some who think that Tammany, even from the point of view of the coarsest selfishness, made a mistake in deciding to support the BRYAN ticket. But the Tammany judgment is largely guided by the Tammany instinct. Tammany instinctively feels that to oppose the BRYAN ticket is the patriotic and the respectable thing to do; that, if Tammany did this, it would be in patriotic and respectable company; that in such company it would be misplaced and play an awkward and subordinate part; that it is much more in harmony with the aims of the Tammany organization to remain in co-operation with the depraved impulses of human nature and the so-called dangerous element of society; that in what is likely to be left of the Democratic party of New York after the secession of patriotism and respectability, this dangerous element will play a powerful part with Tammany as its natural leader, and that thus the prestige of party regularity will place Tammany in a position of great advantage as to chances for future plunder. Moreover, Mr. BRYAN, after such important defections from the party, will be in great stress for support, and Tammany, as a friend in need, may make its own terms as to reward in case of BRYAN's victory.

Such considerations are naturally the controlling ones with Tammany, and we may therefore expect to see the Wigwam soon ablaze with enthusiasm for free coinage and for the cause of the "masses against the plutocrats and the money-changers"—in one word, "Tammany for the people." We may at the same time expect to witness a further exodus from Tammany of men of public spirit and self-respect, whose connection with the organization until now it has been difficult to understand. Tammany will then be more homogeneous than ever, and its stand for BRYAN and regularity will be entirely congenial to its nature.

But what shall we say of Democrats whose aim in public life has not been mere spoil and plunder, but who now surrender their often expressed convictions as to the interests of the country to the idol of party regularity? Some of them give us, by way of excuse, unblushingly to understand that if they refuse to support party candidates regularly nominated, their own political prospects will be gone. This is so cynical a sacrifice of public to individual interests that it condemns itself. Men capable of so acting only show that they ought never to have had any political prospects, for this self-seeking servility is the very bane of our political life. Such persons ought to be kicked out of the company of gentlemen.

There are other Democrats of sound-money convictions who try to justify their support of the BRYAN ticket by saying that the Democratic party is a powerful instrument for good, and that its power for good should not be endangered by disruption. Do they not see—have they not learned by hard experience—that in the same measure as a party permits itself to be used as an instrument for evil, it ceases to have power for good? Have these Democrats forgotten that for many years after the civil war the Democratic party had lost, not only its chances of success in national elections, but even its capacity of serving as an efficient opposition? It is with wonder akin to dismay that we read of such a man as Senator MILLS of Texas having recently said in a public speech: "I would vote for the free and unlimited coinage of pewter before I would help disband the Democratic party." Does he not know enough of the conditions required for the maintenance of democratic government to understand that if the sentiment expressed by him is the prevalent one in the Democratic party, that party cannot be disbanded too soon? Does he not see that if sound-money Democrats like Senator MILLS proclaim themselves ready to vote for the free coinage of pewter for the sake of party regularity, the bad element in the party will be encouraged, and soon be strong enough to impose upon it as Democratic doctrine something worse even than the free coinage of pewter, and that the party will thus become a standing menace to the public interest?

Mr. MILLS is mistaken if he thinks that there is much left of that prestige which once gave a charm to the Democratic name. After having so scandalously repudiated the principles and policy of the one leader who after the civil war succeeded in conducting it to victory, it is morally weaker even than the civil war left it. What it needs is not a continuance of regularity, but regeneration. The most faithful and wisest Democrats are to-day outside of the regular ranks. And the sound-money Democrats who now remain within those ranks will have no reason to complain if they are visited with public contempt for their lack of conscience as to the interests of the country, as well as their lack of judgment concerning the true interests of their party.

HISTORY'S ANSWER TO MR. BRYAN.

IT is clear from Mr. BRYAN's speech that he is an ignorant man, and if he and his party were to obtain possession of the government, the country would be forced to pay dearly for the foolish theories and doctrines which have found favor with his untrained mind. The truth is that the mere fact of his supposing that the United States could alone maintain bimetallism, and that the free coinage of silver by this country would bring prosperity, especially to the wage-earners and farmers, sufficiently demonstrates his ignorance. The financial policy advocated by Mr. BRYAN and his Chicago and St. Louis platforms, and by his two candidates for Vice-President, is the outcome and consequence of ignorance. The convention of silver-mining "plutocrats," who are probably expected to pay the expenses of the campaign, was the only convention that nominated Mr. BRYAN whose action was controlled and directed by intelligence. The silver-miners support Mr. BRYAN because the triumph of his policy would widen their market and increase the price of their silver bullion.

Ignorance of the laws that govern money is pardonable to most men, for very few people have cared to inform themselves upon this dry and uninteresting subject, but it is not pardonable to a man who sets up for a teacher of finance, and who seeks an election to the Presidency because of the financial views that he entertains and the financial nostrums that he has to offer for the prevention and cure of hard times. This is what Mr. BRYAN is doing, and therefore it is necessary to reveal his weakness and his incapacity for the rôle that he has undertaken to play. To do this *in extenso* would necessitate the examination of every sentence on the money question that he has uttered, but for the purposes of the present article we shall confine ourselves to his theory that adherence to the gold standard, or to the standard, as Mr. BRYAN admits, which is the most valuable, brings disaster by lowering prices; that prosperity will follow the adoption of free coinage of silver, which will give us silver monometallism and the silver standard, because thereby prices will be raised. We overlook Mr. BRYAN's own denial of this proposition in his contention in the Madison Square Garden speech that the free coinage of silver would raise the price of silver bullion to $1 29 an ounce. At this price sixteen ounces of silver would be really worth one ounce of gold, and the prices of commodities, on Mr. BRYAN's own theory, would consequently be the disaster-breeding gold prices of which he and his associates complain.

Mr. BRYAN put his case in his speech of acceptance in this way: "So long as the scramble for gold continues, prices must fall, and a general fall in prices is but another definition of hard times." Is it so? Mr. BRYAN's phrase "scramble for gold" is a euphemism for the gold standard of the civilized world. He also said: "We are insisting upon a return to a financial policy approved by all the prominent statesmen of our nation from the days of the first President down to 1873." He means to assert that we had bimetallism down to 1873, and that bimetallism would cure the evils of low prices and hard times resulting from our adherence to the gold standard.

In the first place, all intelligent men will recognize the fact that cheap necessaries of life are not a curse, but a blessing; and that all men, and especially the wage-earners, rejoice instead of grieve when the purchasing power of their earnings is increased. For example, would we not suspect the mental soundness of one who would prefer to pay 10 cents instead of 3 cents for a pound of sugar? But Mr. BRYAN holds that when $100 of wages will buy $50 worth of food, or clothes, or fuel, instead of $100 worth, the wage-earner is prosperous.

What is the history of the country on this question? It is true that Mr. BRYAN wishes to return to a financial policy with which the country once experimented, but that financial policy was a failure. Our statesmen tried to keep in circulation at the same time gold and silver coins of our own minting and cheaper foreign silver coins. The result was that we had only the cheaper foreign coin, and we had hard times. In those hard times we had cheap food and dear clothes, fuel, and other necessaries of life. We had also very low wages. In 1840, for example, $100 of the wages of the working-man would not buy more than half as much as the same amount will buy to-day. Between 1850 and 1860 this country had an era of prosperity and also a panic. The panic occurred in 1857. We had then abandoned our attempted bimetallism, but we had an overstock of cheap paper money, of which Mr. BRYAN necessarily approves. Did low prices accompany this disastrous time? No; prices of food, taking 100 as the standard, which averaged 85.5 in 1850, rose to 117.5 in 1858, and the approach of the panic was marked by a general rise in prices, while wages fell. Here was a case of cheap money, high prices, and hard times. From 1858 to 1860 there was abounding prosperity, and prices generally fell to 100. The average price of clothes had been 110.7 in 1840, and that of fuel 395.8. Wages rose from 1840 to 1860 from 82.5 to 100.

From 1860 to 1865 we had both war and depreciated currency. The price of food rose from 100 to 216.5, the price of clothing from 100 to 299.2, and that of fuel from 100 to 237.8. The working-man's wages also increased, but not so much as the prices of the articles that he was obliged to purchase. Wages ran up from 100 to 148.6. At the same time, we may remark incidentally, the price of silver fell from $1.352 an ounce to $1.338, a fact that contradicts Mr. BRYAN in another particular, for it shows that the price of silver does not govern the prices of other commodities. In 1865 the working-man's increased wage did not buy as much as his lower wage of 1860 bought. In 1865, $148.60 would buy $68 less of food than $100 bought in 1860, $150 less of clothes, and $89 less of fuel. Cheap money and high prices brought very little prosperity to him. His wages did not begin to in-

crease in proportion to prices. This is the universal history, as the wage-earner will again discover if we repeat our old experience with cheap money.

From 1865 to 1873 we were gradually working back to a sound-money basis. The war was over, the credit of the government was good, and our paper currency was not so cheap as it had been. During this period the price of food fell from 216.5 to 129.8, that of clothes from 299.2 to 136.9, and that of fuel from 237.8 to 134.6, while wages rose from 148.6 to 166.1. At this time a man's wage was worth to him a good deal more than it had been in 1860, and nearly double what it was worth in the days of cheap money and high prices to which Mr. BRYAN would return.

During the next period occurred the "crime of 1873," when the silver dollar was dropped out of our coinage in law, although, in fact, it had never been used, because people did not want it. There was a panic in 1873, due to our debauch in cheap paper money, and after this panic and in consequence of it prices rose. The price of food, for example, rose from 129.8 to 131.5, while wages fell. This serves to disclose further Mr. BRYAN'S error in attributing the change of prices to the kind of money we have. After the resumption act in 1879 we were on a gold basis, and during that period we had great prosperity, the prices of the necessaries of life falling and wages increasing until, in 1891, they reached 168.6.

This is the answer of the country's history to Mr. BRYAN'S ignorance and sophistry. Low prices and high wages accompany prosperity, and whenever we have low prices the wages of the working-man have an increased purchasing power.

THE DEMOCRATIC POSITION.

THE National Democrats, through their Executive Committee, have issued an address which embodies and sets forth sound party ethics. It is a pity that the men who believe in what Mr. BYNUM and his associates declare to be the "cardinal principles" of the Democratic party did not earlier insist upon adherence to them. Without regard to Mr. BRYAN or to the Populists and communists who captured the Chicago convention, the party should long ago have been purged of the men who had sold it to trusts, and of those who for various reasons had adopted paternal and other communistic theories—some of them because they were really opposed to what are now declared to be the "cardinal principles" of the party; others because they wanted votes, even at the price of honor and consistency; and lately others who have been willing to take any course, even one that promised to bring ruin upon their party and disaster upon the country, for the purpose of discrediting Mr. CLEVELAND.

The men who have held to the Democratic faith as it is asserted in this address have themselves to blame for existing conditions. They have been neither bold nor aggressive. For the sake of harmony they have yielded to men like GORMAN and MORGAN. They have even accepted ALTGELD and TILLMAN. Some Democrats who really believe this recent definition of Democracy, if so cool an emotion and so weak a sentiment as they manifest are compatible with sincere belief, are about to vote for Mr. BRYAN because he seems to them to be the "regular" candidate. With the exception of Senator GORMAN, not one of the men we have named has ever been troubled or hampered by considerations of regularity, and we doubt if his regularity is ever more than ostentatious. He belongs to the class of men who knife their enemies within their own party in secret. As for the others, including Mr. BRYAN, they have declared themselves as bolters time and time again. They announced that they would not abide by the action of the party's convention at Chicago if it nominated a gold candidate and adopted a gold platform. Mr. BRYAN has gone so far as to assert, "I am not a Democrat." And he and his friends made good the assertion by turning the regularly elected delegates out of the Chicago convention in order to seat enough of their followers to secure the two-thirds vote necessary for the nomination. If the Democrats who are now engaged in reforming their party out of the wreck made at Chicago had been as much in earnest as the men who have snatched from them the party organization, it would have been better for the party itself and for the country.

The address of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic party asserts old and familiar principles and doctrines that were the governing political theories of JEFFERSON, MADISON, JACKSON, and the long line of strong men who made the Democratic party the great power that it was before the war, but whose teachings have had no influence upon the frivolous and ignorant politicians who in this latter day have followed them as leaders. The address announces that Democrats believe in the largest liberty of the individual to achieve his own happiness unfettered by law; that they stand for "freedom of trade and freedom of contract"; that they insist upon the rigid observance of the mandates and limitations of the Constitution; that they disbelieve "in the ability of the government through paternal legislation or supervision to increase the happiness of the nation"; that they are "opposed to all attempts to conjure comfort into the homes of citizens, or wealth into their pockets"; that they believe in the "rule of law," in sound money, and are opposed to fiat disguises for money. These, with the theory that government should be as simple as is compatible with national and international requirements, are, we believe, the "cardinal principles" of the Democratic party. As the address says, "they constitute the essential element of the party's life; they distinguish it from all other political organizations."

No man or organization is more radically opposed to these principles than Mr. BRYAN and the men who controlled the Chicago convention and made its platform. Every sincere Democrat, therefore, must agree with Mr. HAMLIN, who said in the last issue of the WEEKLY: "In my judgment no Democrat is bound to support either [candidate or platform]. Nor could he support either without ceasing to be a Democrat."

It is an article of faith of the Democratic party that the party organization of each State speaks for itself as to the regularity of local party organizations within its jurisdiction. Some Tammany leaders have forced the ratification of the Chicago ticket on the ground that such ratification is essential to the preservation of the organization's regularity. There is no soundness in this position. The State and not the national convention will determine the regularity of New York party organizations. This is now established by statute. The National Committee of the Chicago convention, from whose membership all self-respecting sound-money Democrats have been expelled, has no jurisdiction over any State or local party organization, nor has the Chicago ticket any claim on the allegiance of Democratic voters.

DUTY OF CORPORATION OFFICERS.

A NUMBER of large corporations in various parts of the country have begun a political campaign of education on their own account. They are paying for the printing of pamphlets and circulars denouncing the fallacies of the silver party's creed and explaining the wisdom of a gold standard, and are distributing them among their employés. These corporations mean well, but their plan to induce their men to vote the right ticket is not to be commended, for several excellent reasons. Its utility is doubtful, it tends to the establishment of a bad precedent, and it looks very much like an attempt at coercion, which is not to be tolerated on any ground.

Working-men naturally object even to apparent dictation from their employers in political matters. When protection was the uppermost issue in 1888, the WEEKLY, in common with many other newspapers which work for individual freedom and an unrestricted ballot, objected vigorously to the measures taken by some manufacturers to induce their employés to vote for the high-tariff ticket. The practice is equally bad now, when the cause supported by the employers is good and its success is essential to the welfare of the country.

Officers of certain large corporations, such as the Boston and Maine Railroad, and the Yerkes street-railway line in Chicago, have wisely refused to follow the example of some of their impetuous friends, and one of them has lately explained his reasons frankly. He has learned by experience that employés of corporations are frequently inclined to vote the other way when their employers attempt to give them political advice.

The duty of every American merchant, manufacturer, and investor is none the less to do all he can for the success of the honest-money ticket, but he will be wiser, if he is an employer of labor, to give what money he can for the distribution of wholesome campaign literature through the proper channels, rather than to try to make McKINLEY or third-ticket voters of his employés by direct appeals, which may be regarded with suspicion, and thus do more harm than good. It is all a matter of education, but in this campaign the corporation officer cannot safely pose as schoolmaster. If he does his own plain duty as a citizen and a patriot, he need not fear the result.

THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL DROMIOS.

MR. TOM WATSON of Georgia may, and in fact he does, leave many things to be desired. As an individual he has over and over proved his incompatibility with a refined dinner party. He managed to achieve, in the "fierce democratie" of the House of Representatives, something of the same isolation which TILLMAN has accomplished in the Senate. The traditional "courtesy of the Senate" has evidently little to do with intellectuals, as we might easily cite examples to prove, and nothing whatever to do with morals, as is shown by the fact that the Senators from Havemeyer are freely conversed and shaken hands with by their fellow-Senators. But to be put in Coventry in the House as WATSON was argues a far greater repulsiveness than to be put in Coventry in the Senate as TILLMAN is. It was perhaps a dim perception of this important truth that led the Populists to choose WATSON rather than TILLMAN as the special silver-standard bearer. For there is no question that WATSON, regarded representatively and as a "cracker," is terribly symptomatic. TILLMAN illustrates the vindictiveness, the envy, and the malice of the variety as completely. He has shown that he is no more fitted than his Georgian rival the applause of listening Senates to command. But he is clearly and hopelessly inferior to WATSON in those qualities that spellbind a Southern bar-room.

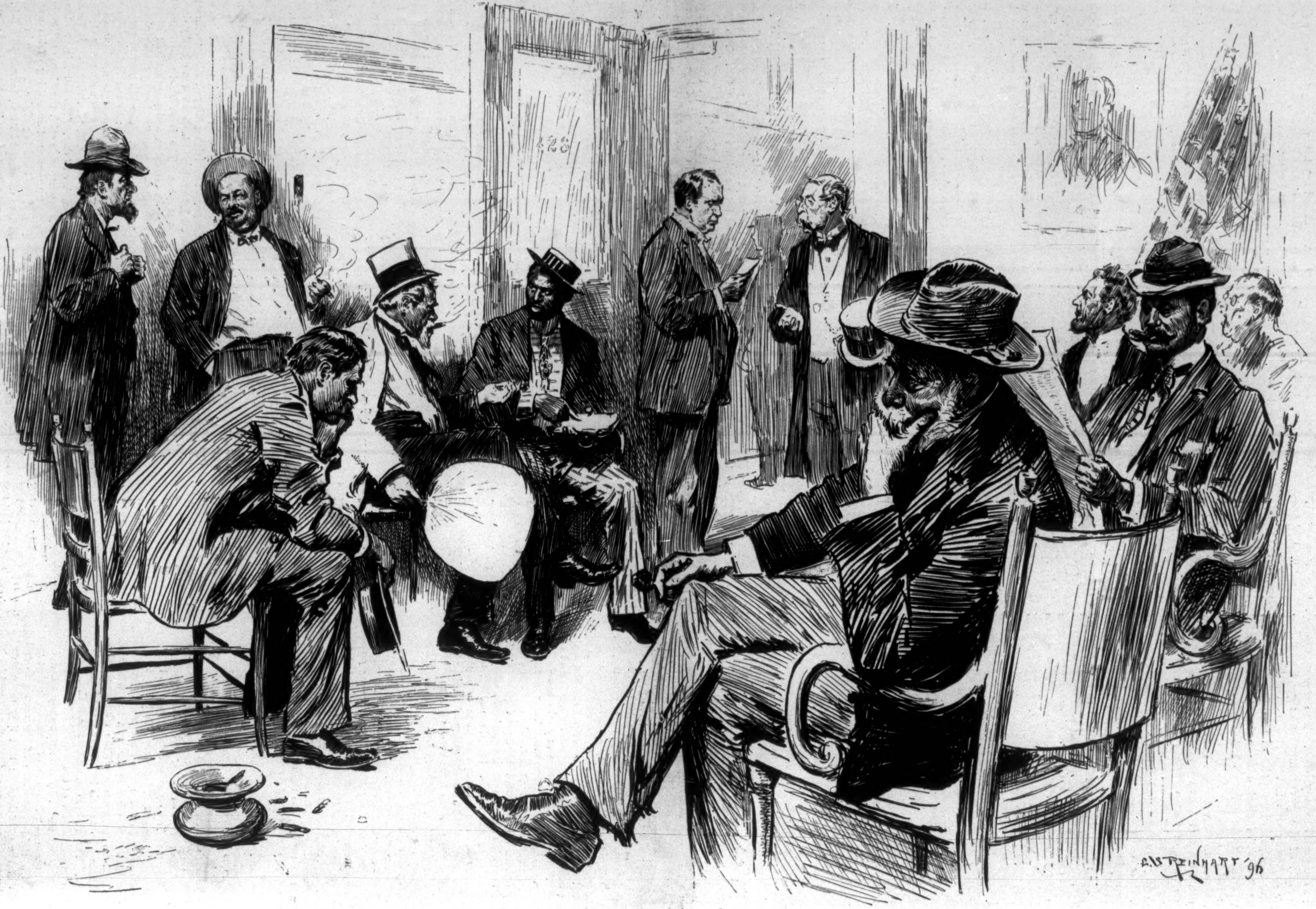
TOM has just made an instructive exhibit of these qualities in his comments upon the dreary failure of Mr. BRYAN'S apparition "in the enemy's country." In reading it we can well understand the enthusiasm with which TOM is regarded by his fellow "poor whites" in Georgia, as also the rage wherewith he stirs the bosoms of the colonels who drink "vintage" whiskeys instead of the recent moonshine that suffices to dilate the imagination of the cracker. Part of the effectiveness of TOM'S comments upon the "regular Democratic nominations" no doubt proceeds from the fact that TOM is not restrained by any false, or indeed any true, delicacy from openly advancing his own interest as a nominee by belittling and denouncing his hated rival, the candidate of Chicago. But still more of it proceeds from TOM'S power of putting a blunt and tarry finger on the essential facts of the situation.

We make our compliments to TOM upon the force as well as the plainness with which he shows the absurdity of the station of SEWALL on a platform which is meant for the exclusive accommodation of the ignorant, the thriftless, and the unsuccessful. Also there is much malicious craft in the manner in which TOM explains the shortcomings of BRYAN'S speech by that consideration for the feelings of the Demulistic co-candidate which it is so flagrantly evident that the Popocratic co-candidate does not share. "To expect to defeat McKINLEY without saying a word against McKINLEY," remarks the Popocrat, "is something new," and proceeds to explain that his respected senior candidate "could not afford to denounce protection while his running mate is so well known as a protectionist." Even more pointed is TOM'S observation "that the men who are pushing the ticket in New England will demand that the government levy a fine upon every citizen who dares to buy foreign goods which are not brought to this country in the ships of SEWALL and his Republican colleagues."

Nobody who reads TOM'S criticism of his chief—indeed, nobody who meditates on the situation, whether he has read TOM or not—can fail to see and admit that TOM and not SEWALL is the logical candidate. From his own point of view TOM is unassailable. If we are to revert to the nomadic, or even the pastoral state, and transact business by means of barter, it is quite absurd to take a Maine banker and ship-builder as the pivot of the relapse. BRYAN, as the Populists have admitted, is reactionary enough, but he should not be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever like SEWALL. Whoever can bring himself to vote for BRYAN has swallowed the camel, and it is absurd for him to strain at the gnat—the gnat, of course, being Mr. WATSON of Georgia.

A DISASTROUS SESSION.

WERE we to judge by the results of the last session, we should say that the system of party government in England had been smitten with a palsy. The Conservative government started with everything in its favor—a majority of 150 experienced, trusted men to direct its policy. Very little in the way of legislation was expected of it, and the country was looking forward to a quiet time by its own fireside. There was no cloud in the sky of foreign politics, and people were beginning to hope that with a strong Conservative government in power England might once again have weight in the council-chambers of Europe. The government has falsified both expectations. The Venezuelan message, the ominous attitude of Germany after the Transvaal invasion, Mr. KRUEGER'S easy triumph over the bungling diplomacy of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and England's rational but bitterly denounced refusal to interfere in Armenia have distinctly lowered her status abroad. At home the nation has been unnecessarily convulsed by the incredible folly of the Education bill. If you have an established Church, you must logically endow the schools of that Church. The voluntary schools could easily have been relieved without tampering with the board schools. But the government opened the whole question of denominational teaching, needlessly drove its own followers into opposition, and ended up by withdrawing the bill to avoid a certain and humiliating defeat. The Agricultural Rating bill, again, was intended to provide temporary relief for a distressed branch of industry. It was admittedly a class measure—a sop thrown out to the landlords as an off-set against Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S democratic budget of 1894. With ordinary tact the bill might have passed after three days' discussion. But the fatuity of the government insisted on laying the foundations of the measure on certain vexed and technical problems of local rating which it treated as economic axioms. The best English experts are agreed on the impossibility of making a separate valuation of buildings and the land they are built on. Mr. CHAPLIN laughed at the experts, went out of his way to make two distinct assessments for ground landlords and occupiers, and found himself embroiled in a violent discussion, from which the bill was only saved by closure. The Irish policy of the government opened with an Education bill, which was quickly dropped after its first reading. The Irish Land bill—a sound measure in the right direction, and one that will directly benefit 60,000 tenants—was all but lost by the helpless impotence of the official tactics. The bill was denounced by the landlords as confiscation; by the Nationalists as a fraud and a trap. The government gave way first in one direction and then in another, now a concession to Mr. CARSON, and now one to Mr. T. W. RUSSELL. It formulated its policy from day to day. The bill was eventually passed after a sharp struggle with the House of Lords, in which Mr. BALFOUR recovered something of his waning influence. But the handling of the measure in the Commons would have disgraced an invertebrate jelly-fish. Perhaps the crowning folly of the government was to force India to pay for the troops borrowed from her for use in the Egyptian expedition. To exasperate the largest and most important dependency of the crown for the sake of a beggarly $150,000, and in defiance of all notions of justice and fair dealing, was a piece of gratuitous madness.



HANGERS-ON AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF A NATIONAL COMMITTEE DURING A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.—Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.—[See Page 858.]

THE SECOND ANNUAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 858.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

MACAULAY'S New-Zealander who sat upon the broken arch of London Bridge had his emotions, and doubtless enjoyed them; so of the contemporary tourist who straggles into the Coliseum by moonlight, he too has his emotions, if there is any emotional fountain in him. The middle-aged person who returns to Bar Harbor after twelve or fifteen years' absence has an advantage of both in that he can seat himself on the steps of Rodick's hotel and meditate on changes profound enough to satisfy the most grasping intellect, which have all matured within a dozen years that are easily covered by his memory. Rodick's is not ruinous, but it answers all the purposes of a ruin. It is still open, though no longer managed, it appears, by its owners, and it may be full of guests for aught that can ever be stated to the contrary. But as it stands it is the most convenient measure of the changes that have come to Bar Harbor. Do you happen to remember it in the year 1880, before the newer office was added at the lower end? That was the year when girls wore Derby hats. Persons who were at a comparatively inexperienced time of life in 1880 have ripened considerably since then, but the old part of Rodick's is just the same as it was. It looks smaller than it used to look; the windows seem farther apart, and there are not so many of them; but that only means that the hotels of 1880 naturally dwindle beside the hotels of 1896. The old piazza is there just the same. Some new boards have been put in where the flooring was worn out by sitters now departed, who sat incessantly on the steps; Virginia-creeper has crept freely over the front of the piazza, and in its exuberance has grown in under the roof and hangs from the ceiling; that gives the piazza a wild-eyed and somewhat decayed appearance. But really it is in good repair; nothing is gone except the people—the elderly ladies who played cards all the morning in those austere parlors; the girls who sat in the corners of the piazza in the evening, and the men who sat with them; the girls who went in canoes, the girls who went in buckboards, the girls who made life so extraordinarily active in and about that house in 1880, and the men who abetted and aided them. Rodick's is different now. When Methuselah returned, at the age of eight hundred, to revive his memories of his father's farm, it could not have looked anything like as different to him as Rodick's looks to a survivor of 1880. Yet Rodick's is all there, except the elderly ladies who played cards and the girls and the men. Occasional men are still seen sitting on the porch at the newer end, and casual girls from time to time walk up the steps and disappear into the hotel, as they do in other hotels; for Rodick's now is only a quiet hotel in a cottage community. There must be very many more people at Bar Harbor now than there were in 1880, more girls—five to one—more men, and probably ten or twenty times as many discreet ladies of maturing years, but you have to get a horse and wagon to find them. They are not all rounded up three times a day at Rodick's any more. No doubt very aged men of fifty-five or perhaps sixty years can remember when the Ocean House was the centre of social life at Newport, and can have their emotions as much stirred by a piazza there as are those of a survivor of 1880 at Bar Harbor. The great merit of Rodick's is that it produces the effects of extreme antiquity in the mind of the returning pilgrim at a cost of only sixteen years, and that is a very moderate expenditure of time, considering the effect produced.

E. S. MARTIN.

From the small group of American sculptors of the first rank, and from among those worthy to hold place with the best plastic artists of all time, Death has taken in his prime the rare and noble figure of Olin L. Warner.

The son of a clergyman, Olin Levi Warner was born April 9, 1844, at Suffield, Connecticut, and to earn enough to pursue his career in art he became a telegraph operator. After study in Paris, at the Beaux-Arts, under François Jouffroy, and later under the brilliant Carpeaux, the young American returned to become one of the earliest members of the Society of American Artists. Of the Academy, in whose schools he was an instructor, he was chosen a member in 1889.

Hardly a greater loss could have been met by native art than in the death of Mr. Warner, who, while a man of great nobility of character and a singular charm of manner, was an artist of the purest type, whose work was individual, serious, and beautiful. He combined in his productions a spirit as pure as the antique with an intense and virile modernness, a feeling for beauty of form, a sensitive modelling, and a picturesqueness of aspect which are inspiring.

OLIN L. WARNER.

It was in bust portraiture, both in the round and in medallion, that perhaps the most perfect expression of his art is enjoyed, but the fine quality of the little he had done of a monumental character shows that his death, at the age of fifty-two, has deprived us of probably many noble works. In his medallion portraits Mr. Warner stood shoulder to shoulder with the medallists of the Italian Renaissance and the small contemporary French group.

It is a pity that New York owns no important work from the dead sculptor's hand, for the only piece on public view here is the stone drinking-fountain on the north-east corner of Union Square. His native State possesses a noble monument of his skill in the seated bronze figure of War-Governor Buckingham, in the Capitol at Hartford; at Boston is his also seated bronze of William Lloyd Garrison, while at Portland, Oregon, is his fountain of stone.

A. V. C.

The people of Wyoming continue to make innovations in political matters. The State was the first to establish woman suffrage, and the first to elect a woman to a State office. The Republican party now nominates a woman as a candidate for Presidential elector, and she has accepted the nomination.

MRS. SARAH MALLOY.

The woman is Mrs. Sarah Malloy, of Cheyenne. Mrs. Malloy is not a professional politician, has never lectured or delivered stump speeches, and has never sought office. Like many other women in the equal-suffrage States, she is willing to show that public duties may be assumed by her sex and faithfully performed. For nearly twenty years she has been voting the Republican ticket. Mrs. Malloy was born near Columbus, Ohio, and has lived in Wyoming since 1870.

J. A. B.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York of the Order of Odd-Fellows has just been held at the Scottish Rite Hall, in New York city. The session, commencing August the 18th, was closed on the 20th. The officers elected for the year 1896 were, Grand Master, Samuel J. Persons; Deputy Grand Master, Hiram M. Olmsted; Grand Warden, Franklin P. Trautmann; Grand Secretary, John G. Deubert; Grand Treasurer, John F. Bullencamp; and Representative to Grand Lodge, George W. Dilkes. The report of the Grand Master, Alfred A. Guthrie, presented the conditions of the Grand Lodge of New York, which were excellent, showing the good work done by the order. During the year the total membership in the State was 79,006, showing a considerable increase during the year. The amount paid in sick benefits to brothers was $161,153. In all, $290,581 had been disbursed for the relief of widows, for the burial of brothers and wives of brothers, for the relief and education of orphans, and for the support of Odd-Fellows' Homes.

Mary Abigail Dodge, better known by her pseudonym, "Gail Hamilton," died in the village of Hamilton, Massachusetts, on the 17th of August. A year ago Miss Dodge had a first stroke of paralysis, from which she had apparently recovered. She succumbed to a second attack.

Miss Dodge was born in the village of Hamilton in 1830, and was educated there. In 1851 she became instructor of physical science in the Hartford High-School. Later on she took the position of governess in the family of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, of Washington, D. C. While in Washington she became a contributor to a paper conducted by Dr. Bailey. At once the character of these articles were distinguished for a certain sharpness and fearlessness. In 1865 she became one of the editors of a magazine for children, published in Boston.

Miss Dodge's first volume, entitled *Country Living and Country Thinking* (1862), was made up for the major part of her newspaper contributions. From 1862 to 1875 yearly volumes followed, and among these publications were *Gala Days*, *A New Atmosphere*, *Stumbling-Blocks*, *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness*. The last book of this first series was *Nursery Nonsense*. Among her later books may be mentioned her romance *First Love is Best*, with *Sermons to the Clergy*, *Our Common-School System*, and *The Insuppressible Book*.

From 1876 Miss Dodge lived most of her life in Washington. Mr. Blaine having married a cousin of Miss Dodge's, she was regarded as a part of the Blaine family. When Mr. Blaine became a member of the Harrison cabinet, the minister's drawing-room had for its central attraction Miss Dodge. She was a clever conversationalist, and inclined to express herself roundly in regard to national politics. After Mr. Blaine's death, Mrs. Blaine confided to Miss Dodge her husband's letters and documents, and the last important work done by her was the writing of the life of Mr. Blaine.

Miss Dodge in her political partisanship showed great virility of style. She had a quality women rarely possess, and it was the power of endurance. A topic once taken up by her, her persistence was endless. She had a most kindly heart. Her pen and her purse were always at the command of those whose wrongs she thought she might redress, or whose misfortunes she hoped she might alleviate.

B. P.

LONDON.

THE Parliamentary session which has just come to an unlamented end has been chiefly remarkable for the brilliant personal triumphs of Sir William Harcourt. The Squire of Malwood has led a weak and disorganized opposition against the "strongest government of modern times" with a dash and courageous, undaunted persistence that have definitely marked him out as the real leader of the Liberal party. Two years ago it was felt, and I believe justly felt, that Sir William's influence among his followers and in the country was not great enough to entitle him to the position that Mr. Gladstone had just vacated. He was regarded more or less as a good-humored giant who frivolled away his time in politics. He had a reputation for making jokes, and English politicians abhor jokes. People could not be induced to see that underneath his swinging oratory and his trenchant witticisms lay a real earnestness for Liberal principles. The consequence was that on Mr. Gladstone's retirement Sir William was forced to stand aside and see himself passed in the political race by a man twenty years his junior. Every one seemed ready to believe that in Lord Rosebery the ideal leader had been found. His winning oratory, his rank, his work on the London County Council, his immense personal popularity—his youth, even—had attracted the sympathy and admiration of all England. A few Radicals, headed by Mr. Labouchere, revolted bitterly against his leadership. The bane of the Radical party, they argued, had always been its sneaking deference to rank. Was a Peer leader likely to remove it? The cardinal point in Radical policy was the reform of the House of Lords. Was it to be expected that a leader, himself a member of the Upper House, would ever venture to attack it? They pointed to Lord Rosebery's inexperience, to his unsoundness on Irish affairs, to the prevailing ignorance of his views on the chief measures of the Gladstone government, and contrasted his slender qualifications with the long and laborious services of Sir William to the Liberal cause.

Sir William meanwhile held his peace, bottled up his natural disappointment, and stood loyally by his new chief. It was a rare instance of generous self-denial. The temptation to a man of weaker character to pose as an injured martyr, as the wronged one who suffers much and will not complain, would have been irresistible. Sir William went quietly and steadily to work to show of what solid work he was really capable. His Budget of 1894 was a brilliant bit of legislation, piloted through the House with a skill and dignity that made the Liberals open their eyes. The Local Veto bill did much to overthrow his new-born popularity; but his subsequent defeat at Derby, which he had represented for over thirty years, turned the scale of sympathy in his favor, and his untiring energy and resource throughout the past session have crystallized that sympathy into a steady, confident devotion. Lord Rosebery's leadership, if it has not been a failure, has certainly not been a success. With better health and a more loyal backing he may yet make his mark, but for the present Sir William Harcourt's performances have thrown him into the shade.

S. B.

WASHINGTON.

IT is to be noted that there is some distrust among the government employés over the result of the coming election. Civil service does not suffice to pacify the fear conjured up by the Chicago platform that a Bryan administration, with the cabinet possibilities of its Altgelds and its Tillmans, will mean a disturbance of the serenity of departmental clerkship which has grown up since President Cleveland's first administration. Time was when an approaching national election demanded individual resistance to the certain disaster of displacement; all that passed with the adoption, extension, and observance of civil service law and regulation, until now there is again the old-time perturbation. Local merchants appreciate this dread in the loss of trade, and while one does not witness the manifestations of anxiety on every side, as one did on a time, one nevertheless hears expressions, and knows of efforts at self-preservation. There is a well-defined belief that a Bryan administration would ignore the protective clauses of civil service law, and that something worse than the spoils-to-the-victors adage would be its living motto.

The death of Dr. J. M. Toner, in the Pennsylvania town where he had lived in recent years, and from which he emerged now and then to engage socially with a few chosen friends at the capital, recalls to the public mind the munificence of his gift to the nation—his collection of Washington papers, correspondence, and other literary remains of the Father of his Country. This accumulation of an ardent and tireless collector now reposes in an inaccessible recess of the jumbled Congressional Library; but when that institution is removed to its spacious and ornate quarters opposite the Capitol, the Toner contribution, and others of equal merit and like inextricableness, will be adequately displayed. It has been suggested that the mass of Washington relics which the visitor encounters *everywhere* be gathered into an intelligible group *somewhere*, possibly in the new Library Building, although to this latter proposition there is the natural objection to diverting the purpose of this structure to that of a museum. The State Department has a large collection of Washington's personal and official papers; the War Department treasures some of his army returns; the National Museum exhibits its many articles used by Washington, including family plate and ware; Mount Vernon harbors much material, more or less legitimately connected with the Washington homestead, while all over the country are relics credited to Washington's ownership or use. Perhaps Mount Vernon would be as good a place as any for the exhibit of personal belongings, but the new Library would better contain all the documents of the first President, and Dr. Toner's gift is a suitable nucleus of such a general collection.

J. E. J.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO has great expectations of its future Lake Front Park. A large area of new land is to be made by filling in the lake outside the Illinois Central right of way, the railway tracks are to be depressed and bridged at convenient intervals, new boulevards are planned to connect the North and South sides of the city, the Field Columbian Museum is to have a site and a building in the new park, and many other improvements are suggested. These things have all been talked about for years, but it is now safe to say that they are probabilities of the near future. The work of land-making and track-depressing is well under way, and it is intimated with much show of authority that Mr. Marshall Field stands ready to provide a building for the museum which was created by his million-dollar endowment of two years ago. Probably the most important step toward the realization of all these plans was that taken a few days ago by the city authorities when they turned the Lake Front over to the control of the South Park Commissioners. Our Park Commissioners are independent municipalities, with the power to tax; in other words, they do not require the consent or the co-operation of the city to carry out their designs. The acceptance by the Commission of the Lake Front will make a practical certainty of the whole comprehensive scheme to beautify the water-front of the city.

One of the Nebraska followers of Mr. Bryan borrowed two thousand dollars upon his farm a few months ago. He gave the necessary mortgage, and also agreed to carry fire-insurance for the full amount of the loan. This condition he failed to observe, and the company from which he had borrowed the money called his attention to the matter in a number of communications. The farmer soon became wearied by such importunity, and addressed the following remarkable note to his creditors: "Dear Sirs,—Yours in reference to insurance on loan No. 4028 at hand.

I wish you would not bother me any more about this matter. I expect to pay this loan in free silver, and expect to buy silver enough to pay it for $125. In gold that would be 16 to 1. I am sure the security is good for that at its present price." The correspondence on this subject, including the reply of the mortgage company, as published in the Chicago *Tribune*, makes highly interesting reading. It is hardly necessary to say that the reply included a notification of foreclosure, and that the political outlook now appears less rosy to the farmer than before.

Among the straws that show the direction of the political wind, a recent ballot of students at the University of Chicago is significant. Out of 366 voters, 258 were for McKinley, and 85 for Bryan. In the voting for Vice-President, Hobart got 238, Sewall 66, and Watson 15. There were only 66 votes for free silver as against 300 for gold or "bimetallism." The interest of these figures lies mainly in the fact that the students of the summer quarter are not ordinary college students at all, but for the most part teachers in schools, professors in small colleges, clergymen, and other adults of experience and independent judgment. Another fact to be borne in mind is that the majority of them are from those States of the West and South which are supposed to be the strongholds of the silver movement. The result simply emphasizes anew the extent to which the moral and intellectual forces of the country are arrayed against the attempt of the Popocrats to debase our unit of value.

Mr. E. L. Bradley, a young man of earnest philanthropic bent, has started a Junior Republic for boys at Lake Villa, Illinois, about fifty miles from Chicago. This vacation camp began two years ago as a sort of boys' military company, but was this summer transformed into an organization similar to that which Mr. W. R. George has carried on so successfully in the interests of the street boys of New York. There are only a few boys at present in the "Republic," but they have their laws, their officers, their police court, and their bank and currency. The work this year is largely experimental, but Mr. Bradley expects to have something like a hundred boys next summer. The value of this sort of training in self-reliance and the elementary virtues of citizenship would be obvious enough even were it not abundantly substantiated by Mr. George's experience in New York, and Mr. Bradley may well feel that he is doing a useful and important work.

One of the instructors engaged for the present summer term of the University of Chicago was Professor Pantaleone, the famous economist of the University of Naples. He was to lecture upon his special subject of finance; but we shall have to get along without him this year, for it is reported that he is detained in Italy by the government on a charge of treason. It seems that he has been too pronounced an advocate of political reform to suit the Italian authorities, and particularly that he has been strongly outspoken in his denunciation of the expedition to Abyssinia. Professor Pantaleone visited the United States last spring, and it was then that the engagement for this summer was made with him. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

THE citizens of Boston and its vicinity are indebted to Mr. Harrison H. Atwood, Republican member of Congress, for a statement the coolness of which was particularly refreshing in sultry midsummer weather. He says that he is willing to run for Congress again, and this in spite of the fact that his resignation was called for last winter by many members of his own party, and even by so stanch a partisan as the Boston *Journal*. Mr. Atwood, it may be remembered, having repeatedly been accused of dishonest practices while acting as city architect of Boston, finally had one of his accusers brought to trial for criminal libel. The defendant, however, proved his charges so completely that the district attorney, with the permission of the judge and of the defendant's counsel, gave up the case midway, and a verdict for the defendant was thereupon entered. If Mr. Atwood is to render any further service to the State of Massachusetts, it should be performed not in the House of Representatives.

One of the most unhappy men in Boston, at least in August, must be the editor of the *British American*. His idea of a really good and satisfactory weekly paper is one "which portrayed the Irish Roman Catholics as baboons, snakes, hogs, and everything that was vile." The present HARPER'S WEEKLY appears to him to fall short of this high standard, and so he calls it "stupid and servile," and its Boston correspondent a "coward" and "poltroon." The *British American* is on a wrong basis; its only reason for existence is hostility to Catholics, and especially to Irish Catholics, and no editor can exist comfortably on a steady diet of anger, hatred, and vituperation. We judge this particular editor to be a man of good education and of considerable literary ability, and we sincerely wish for him a better and pleasanter occupation.

It appears from the Harvard rank list lately issued that the average scholarship of the members of the various crews and athletic teams is very good. The substitute catcher on last year's nine has the remarkably high record of five A's and one B. The captain of the football eleven obtained two A's and one B—all in mathematical courses—and another football-player has his name on the rank list in four courses. An athletic career in college is of itself a good preparation for success in after-life, either in business or in professional occupation. Coolness, courage, and the ability to work hard are of as much use almost in such occupations as they are on the football field or in a racing-shell. It would be interesting to inquire whether the athletic undergraduates succeed best in classical or in mathematical studies. We venture to guess that they incline more than the average student does to mathematics. Success in athletics is dependent largely on steadiness of nerve, and such steadiness is most common in persons who are deficient in imagination, and deficiency in imagination is a characteristic of most persons who prefer mathematics to classics.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the sole survivor of the Concord sages, and a picturesque personage, gave, lately, at the Greenacre School, some interesting reminiscences of Emerson and Thoreau. He defended Thoreau from the charge, brought by Lowell and others, of borrowing his ideas from Emerson. "The direct influence of the younger friend," he said, "on the thought of the elder was quite as great as the reverse." Mr. Emerson certainly had a very receptive mind, a mind almost too receptive, and in Thoreau there was as certainly a vein, though a slender one, of originality. The contrast between the two men was stated with great acuteness by Mr. Sanborn as follows: "Emerson's inheritance was from a long line of clerical and gentlemanly ancestors, to whom the conventionalities of life had acquired a value which they never could have acquired among the trading, seafaring, joking, and nonchalant ancestors of Henry Thoreau"; and he speaks of Thoreau as "not disposed to those concessions in minor matters which the daily intercourse of human life requires for its smooth movement." Twice an estrangement occurred between the two friends—once a very serious estrangement—and the blame probably rested with Thoreau; for Emerson, though not wanting in dignity, was the most amiable and long-suffering of men. H. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE resignation of Senator Quay as chairman of the Republican State Committee and the election of Deputy Attorney-General John P. Elkin to succeed him bring up again the question as to whether there is such a thing as gratitude in politics. A year ago, when Mr. Quay had on his hands a hot fight to maintain his political supremacy, Frank Willing Leach, one of his most active lieutenants, resigned a lucrative position in the Sheriff's office to assume command of the Quay forces. Very many are of the opinion that his organizing ability and complete knowledge of workers throughout the State were largely responsible for the victory. Be that as it may, everybody lauded Leach's self-sacrifice, and no one was surprised when he aspired to succeed Quay as head of the State Committee last April, after the latter had announced his intention of retiring, especially as he, Leach, as chairman of the Executive Committee, had been practically in charge. This was not to be, however, and Leach, who was loyal, has been turned down in what was a laudable ambition in its way, and Elkin, who held on to his position last summer under the Attorney-General, who was against Quay, secures the prize. The announcement that Leach has left the Quay forces is therefore not surprising. C. R. W.

The tower of City Hall is nearing completion, and Philadelphians have been not a little interested in the work of placing in position the great bronze figures which ornament the tower at various points. The statue of William Penn, weighing nearly 55,000 pounds and standing 540 feet from the ground, was long ago put in place; but the securing of the figures which surround the column, somewhat lower down, was more recently accomplished, and it was only within a week that the last of the mammoth eagles of bronze was completed. The total weight of the figures on the tower is estimated at 182,000 pounds, which is much more than it was thought it would be when the plans of the structure were made. In consequence radical changes had to be made in the lines of the tower, with largely increased cost.

Apropos of bicyclers and the roads, the recent bulletin issued by the Deputy Secretary of the Department of Agriculture at Harrisburg is of interest, and should enlist the co-operation of wheelmen in the campaign for good roads in Pennsylvania. This bulletin shows that the public roads of the State, without counting the turnpikes on which tolls are collected or the streets of the cities and boroughs, cost the State for the year ending May 31 last not far short of $4,000,000. There are about 80,000 miles of such roads, and the annual expenditure for each mile is a little over $48 73. With a uniform plan in practice for the construction of public roads, this sum, it seems, should keep highways which are properly built in fairly good repair, and the conclusion that the money, as at present spent, is bringing about no improvement in the roads certainly suggests that a false economy rules. F. C. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY PERKINS, of the St. Charles district, was requested by the Governor, a few days ago, to investigate the lynching at Hahnville, Louisiana, of three Italians, which has resulted in an international episode between Italy and the United States. Mr. Perkins was, of course, unable to find who were the gentlemen engaged in "the affair," but declares that he learned from the sheriff and jailer that "the lynching had been orderly and quietly done." It ought perhaps to be said, in explanation of this expression, "a quiet and orderly lynching," which may sound a little strange to some persons, that most of the lynchings in the Jefferson-St. Charles district have been very disorderly and noisy, and sometimes attended with riots, whereas the Hahnville party were peaceful and quiet, and merely captured the jailer, broke down the jail doors, smashed the cells, took out three men, and lynched them in the court-house yard. "Quiet and orderly" well describes their action.

It has just been discovered that New Orleans has been deprived for the past twenty-six years of territory to which it is entitled. The area is small from a geographical point of view, but more important from a moral and police stand-point. West End, the Lake Pontchartrain end of New Orleans, is the Coney Island and Long Branch of the Southern city, and is within the town limits. At the end of the big revetement levee at West End are a few acres which the neighboring parish of Jefferson claims, and which are under Jefferson law, which is very much like Kerry law in Ireland two centuries ago. This little settlement, called Bucktown, is the scene of more crime and vice than any other part of the State. Jefferson is a very lawless parish at best, laughing at the Sunday law and most of the other statutes. A post marks the supposed boundaries of New Orleans and Jefferson on Lake Pontchartrain, and jurisdiction of the city police stopped at that post. Beyond it, in plain sight of the thousands of women and children who go to West End every evening, roulette and all other species of gambling, and other violations of law, are openly carried on. There have been so many murders and other crimes committed at Bucktown lately that the police of New Orleans have been eager to raid or destroy the place, but that boundary post defied them. So great a nuisance has this piratical hole become that it set a number of lawyers to work to see if there was not some way to get rid of it. They found it in almost the first book referred to—the city charter of 1870, which detached Bucktown from Jefferson Parish and annexed it to New Orleans. It will be taken possession of as soon as possible, and the Bucktown pirates expelled.

The house-boat is a very different thing on the Mississippi from what it is on the Thames. On the great American river these water dwellings are familiarly known as "johnnie-boats," and this contemptuous name in itself tells the difference between them and their English prototypes. There are probably a hundred johnnie-boats for every house-boat; but then a johnnie-boat is a very cheap affair. Most of them have only one room, not much larger than an average dry-goods box. They are too cheap and mean to pay for towing up stream again, and the consequence is that all of them drift down the river, and finally wind up at New Orleans, not daring to go further south towards the Gulf. There are hundreds of them tied to the river-banks or stranded on "the Batterie." Their occupants are mainly worthless and lazy white men and women, sometimes vicious ones, who find the life of floating down the Mississippi an easy and pleasant one. There is no work to do beyond catching drift-wood and fish. The boats take up several months in coming down from northern points, and all stop and lay up at New Orleans; and as they never leave there, the johnnie-boat colony steadily increases. There is a strong suspicion that the johnnie-boats furnish a majority of the sneak-thieves who operate in New Orleans, and the population inhabiting them is certainly not an inviting one, for none of them work or will work. Six years ago these squatters, or water-tramps, became such a terror to the upper part of the city that the then Mayor routed them from the Batterie and burned their boats; but the complaint is now made that they are more numerous and more impudent than ever, and the residents of the upper district have again united in an appeal to the Mayor to start a second raid, and get rid of the johnnie-boats that have accumulated in the last six years. They are much the same class of people as the ordinary tramp who walks along the railroad track, but they find the river a much safer route.

Baptiste Abadie, the motorman of a New Orleans trolley-car, who was arrested in New York a few days ago while about taking the steamer to France, is himself a victim of the trolley who will probably never recover from the effects of running over and killing a child. An investigation of the accident showed that Abadie was free from all blame in the matter. The boy whom he killed, Dario Baltar, an only child, and but seven years of age, fell under the hind wheel of Abadie's car while he was running from some companions. It took nearly two hours, however, to raise the car, and it was finally done only by means of jacks. The crushing and grinding of the boy's bones, and his groaning while they were lifting the car, completely unnerved Abadie. He was arrested, as is always done, and placed under bond; but the accident so preyed upon his mind that, instead of waiting for the investigation, which would have cleared him, he fled in disguise, determined to bury himself in a petty village in France. His arrest was merely a formality to protect his bondsman, and he will be released the moment he is brought back to New Orleans; but his companions all say that he has never been the same man since the accident, but seems constantly haunted by it. And they say, further, that no motorman who has run over and killed any one ever fully recovers from it, or is able to handle the brakes again. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THOSE who are interested in fish-culture will be pleased to learn of the great practical benefit derived this year from the scientific propagation of salmon in the Columbia River during the last four years by the Calamas hatchery. All the experts predicted that the Columbia River salmon pack this season would fall 200,000 cases behind the usual pack, because of the long strike at the opening of the season, which was unbroken for seventy-one days. The full statistics, just received, show that the season's catch is only 100,000 cases less than last year's pack, and the reason given for this unexpected result is the remarkable run of fish, due to the good work of the Calamas hatchery. For the last week of the season the river was fairly blocked with salmon, and the catch of the expert fishermen was unprecedented.

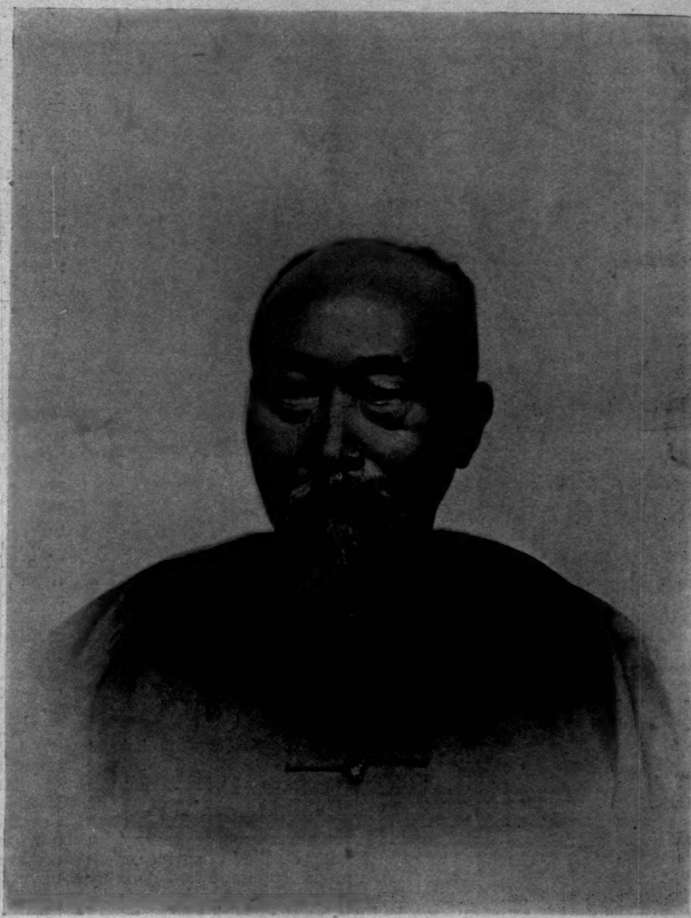
The free-lunch system, which has been a marked feature of San Francisco life for over fifty years, is doomed. The proprietors of the fine saloons have been pinched by dull times and failing trade, and they have decided that the free lunch must go. It costs the best places $75 a day, and the revenue is not large enough in these days to pay this expense. The custom was introduced in San Francisco by pioneers from New Orleans, and it has flourished here for years after its death in other large American cities. When men spent money freely the cost of the free lunch was not felt by the saloon-keepers, but now, when a man may buy a glass of beer for five cents and then ravage the lunch-counter and consume 25 cents' worth of food, there is no profit in it. From present signs, soon the free lunch will be only a memory, and the scores of loungers who now depend upon it for subsistence will have to go to work or starve. San Francisco has a large population that would have felt at home in imperial Rome, for they believe that the city owes them a good living. They gamble in mining stocks when they are able to induce a credulous dupe to advance money, they haunt the free berths and the free library, and they convert into clubs for their own use several prominent saloons, in which they are tolerated for the custom that they bring in. Miners from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, from Nevada and Arizona, whom they have known well in better days, are undisguised blessings, for the visitors are piloted around the "cocktail route," and are expected to stand treat liberally for these courtesies by the metropolitan gentlemen of leisure. It will be interesting to see what new devices for getting a living without work these parasites will invent when the free lunch is abolished. G. H. F.

MR. McKINLEY ADDRESSING THE SURVIVORS OF HIS OLD REGIMENT (TWENTY-THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEERS) AT CANTON, OHIO, AUGUST 13.—DRAWN BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.

"To-day behind the Nation's Honor are Seventy Millions of Freemen, who mean to keep this Government and its Honor and Integrity and Credit unquestioned."

THE VISIT OF LI HUNG-CHANG.

Americans will be glad to see Li Hung-Chang in full and undisputed possession of his yellow jacket and peacock's feather. The sympathy felt for him here when, during the war with Japan, he was stripped of one garment after another till the thing almost became a scandal, was sincere and profound. Half Europe had never even heard of Li before the news came that the Emperor had ordered one of his buttons to be cut off. From that time he and his clothes became the gossip of the world. Next to the brilliant series of official lies cabled over after each engagement, they supplied most of the comic element of the war. In England especially the laughter was inextinguishable, though there is really nothing more intrinsically amusing in the Emperor's taking away Li's yellow jacket than there would be, say, in the Queen's relieving Lord Rosebery of his garter. Li, no doubt, will thoroughly enjoy himself here. He has fewer suspicions of America than of any other country. He has given practical proof of his desire for a closer commercial union with us. He bears no grudge towards us as a nation. Many distinguished Americans have been his personal friends. For General Grant he had a warm admiration which time has not lessened. He treated him in China with sovereign honors, even to the extent of providing for him a chair lined with yellow silk—the imperial color. He was one of the first subscribers to Grant's monument. Grant himself, with generous and pardonable exaggeration, declared Li to be a greater man than Bismarck, Beaconsfield, or Gambetta.



LI HUNG-CHANG.

Unlike most of his countrymen, Li is a tall, soldierly-looking man, at least six feet in height, with a fine presence and a sharp, alert face. He began life as a poet and philosopher; his writings made him famous; he became a really fine scholar of the severely classical type. One of the most astonishing things about his astonishing country is the high place in society and politics awarded to literary men. Li was dragged from his Confucius in the early fifties to stamp out the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. The rebellion itself was organized by a dejected schoolmaster, whose repeated failures to pass the government examinations had embittered him against the dynasty. It was then that the brilliant American soldier of fortune Ward and his Ever-Victorious Army—as he dubbed it—made themselves famous. Li's treatment of Ward and Gordon was characteristically Chinese—alternately despotic and servile, in craven fear when either of them resigned, suspicious when either was in command, with plenty of promises and very little performance. To our notions Li showed to the conquered rebels a cruelty that was almost barbaric. Gordon repeatedly threw up his post in sheer disgust at his treacherous brutality. Once he even pursued Li with a revolver, and the Viceroy had to be hidden by his friends. Such conduct puzzled the Chinaman, who really could not understand why any one should worry himself about the massacre of a few hundred rebels or the murder of half a dozen chiefs who had been received as hostages.

Li's success in defeating the rebels marked him out for high office. At the present moment he is pretty nearly everything that human intelligence can compel a man to be. He is Viceroy of Pe-chee-lee, Senior Grand Secretary of State, Imperial Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, Senior Tutor to the Empire, Director-General of the Coast Defence of the North and of the Imperial Navy, Northern Superintendent of Trade, and Ambassador Extraordinary. A man cannot very well do more for his country than manage the army and navy, her home and foreign affairs. How far he has benefited by the tenure of his offices nobody quite knows. One enthusiastic writer declares him to be as poor as Cincinnatus; another puts his wealth at figures that startle even an American. A Chinaman to the backbone, it probably will not be found that he has departed far from the elementary lines of Chinese dishonesty. Li's grand claim to recognition is his appreciation of the superiority of American and European enterprise. He has utilized foreigners to educate his own countrymen. He encouraged their commercial activity to teach the Chinese the direction of their best industries. He disliked foreigners, but determined to put them to the best use he could think of. He has made it a business of learning something from everybody. There is no interest, no industry, no commercial establishment of the foreigner in China which he does not mean in time to supersede in the interests of his own people. He created a new army on foreign models; he built an iron-clad fleet and organized a splendid system of coast defence; he founded arsenals and ship-yards, military and naval colleges; he laid down railways and telegraph wires—all this against an inertia and bitter conservatism but faintly intelligible to us. The war with Japan, though it proved the incompetence and hopeless corruption of his subordinates, did not invalidate the general soundness of his policy. His present tour will probably have the effect of encouraging him to pursue it still further. Li always keeps a remarkably keen eye on his country's good, and one may be sure that he has not come over here merely to amuse officialdom with his fine humor and his opinions of American life and manners. He will lay America under some solid contribution to the welfare of his own country.

EAST-SIDE ROOF-GARDEN FOR THE POOR AT THE HEBREW INSTITUTE, RUTGER'S SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.—[See Page 850.]

SCENE ON ONE OF THE EAST RIVER DOCKS DURING THE HEATED TERM IN NEW YORK CITY.

AUGUST'S HEAT PLAGUE.

The prolonged heated term in the first half of the month of August of this year was undoubtedly the most fatal in the history of New York. In ten days the deaths resulting directly from the excessive heat and moisture approximated, in the metropolitan district, 600, and the prostrations that were not fatal approximated 1800. As usual in such times, the heat worked havoc with the poor. It literally swept them into graves by the hundreds. It threw them on miserable beds in droves. It choked the hospitals. It overtaxed the burying facilities of the district.

But there was another side to the tragedy. Probably never in the history of the city was a more earnest and a more effective effort made to mitigate the sufferings of the prostrate and dying. Parks were thrown open to the poor all night, so that they might sleep on the grass. The streets, sidewalks, and even sides of the buildings were flushed and drenched at night from the hydrants, so as to reduce the insidious latent heat that at night stealthily continued the work of the sun by day. Ton upon ton of ice was distributed to the poor in New York by the city through the agency of the police. The roofs of buildings were thrown open to the use of hundreds who desired to pass the night upon them. A Brooklyn trolley line gave free rides to faint mothers and gasping babies. Free excursions on the rivers were more numerous than before. Private charity increased its generous outpourings. And yet, despite it all, the city and its people, well-to-do and otherwise, suffered as they had never suffered before. On one day, Tuesday, August 11, the deaths numbered no less than 141.

Probably no work in helping to mitigate the sufferings of the poor was more effective than that done at the Hebrew Institute at Rutgers Square, almost in the heart of the East Side. The roof of that monument to Jewish philanthropy, whose work has been notable in the effort to educate and improve the ignorant and wretched masses of that famous district of New York, was thrown open to all who might come. The Institute building towers far above all other buildings in that neighborhood. The fresh breezes from the water and from far across the country reach it undisturbed by other buildings. Music was brought into service to help cause the heat-afflicted residents of the district to forget their sufferings. There was room for about 800 persons on the roof at one time. To accommodate all who applied it became necessary to change the crowds from time to time. As fast as one batch was cooled off they were driven from the place—force was almost necessary in some cases—and another took its place. In one day, from 8 A.M. until 11 P.M., 11,000 persons were admitted to the roof. No one knows how many lives may have been saved by a timely breath of fresh air obtained in this way, but it is certain that this practical charity brought temporary comfort to thousands upon thousands. The Ghetto of New York felt for a moment the cooling breezes of heaven, and no doubt this inspired thousands of its residents with fresh courage to struggle on in an existence that to any other community in this country would be absolutely intolerable.

Park Commissioner Woodruff, of Brooklyn, made a name for himself in the crisis. He not only ordered the policemen not to drive the people out of the parks at ten o'clock at night, but he actually invited the poor and any others to bring bedding and sleep on the meadows and lawns and under the trees of that beautiful breathing-place Prospect Park. He also threw open the other parks. The afflicted, and some of those who were not sorely tried, came by the hundreds. The smaller parks were almost crowded. The authorities of New York also became generous to those who steal into the parks for a nap at night. The police did not drive the tramps out on the street to sleep standing against some building or hiding in some blind alley. The smaller parks of New York at night resembled some of the larger parks in London in the daytime, where scores of those who have no other place to go sleep undisturbed by the police.

Early in the heated term Commissioner of Public Works Collis, in New York, came to the relief, so far as he could, of the East Side. The rains this year have been generous, and there was water to spare in the city reservoirs. The heated pavements and buildings made the thousands upon thousands of those who swarm the halls, roofs, stoops, sidewalks, gutters, and streets of the East Side, when all the residents are home at once, feel as if they were hemmed in on all sides by fire, with no help at hand. General Collis cooled the pavements and buildings night after night with great streams of water. Women as well as children stood in the gutters as the water rushed toward the sewers. The fire-escapes, halls, and even roofs became emptied, and the wet pavements, steaming with the mist made by the cool water on the hot surface, were crowded as though some monster parade had gone by and the throngs were streaming home.

After several days had passed, the health authorities of New York became alarmed. President Wilson, of the Health Board, discovered that the death rate of the city was greater than at any time since the cholera epidemic of 1850. He notified Mayor Strong, and the heads of the city departments were called together and $5000 appropriated for the purchase of ice to be distributed to the poor. There was need of such action, for in one day there had been 374 deaths against 664 for an entire week the year before.

Prompt purchases of ice were made. Policemen were told to inform the deserving poor on their beats to go to the station-houses to get it. Nearly 100 tons were given out the first evening. Long lines of women and children, with every variety of receptacle, were formed at half a dozen station-houses. In some places the struggles for place amounted to fights. Each person got from five to twenty pounds of ice. They carried it home. Police Commissioner Roosevelt went into the tenements to see what was done with it. He found it broken up to provide cooling drinks for the sick; to provide cool bandages for the foreheads of those who were ill or feeble; to prevent food from spoiling, especially the milk for babies.

The city had a veritable plague to deal with, and ice was the only weapon with which to fight it. No more humane use of city money for the public good was ever made than of that appropriation for ice. Two or three days after the distribution began the heated spell was broken. The death rate fell off, funerals diminished, those who were prostrated began to recover, and a dreadful blight was lifted from the community.

Franklin Matthews.

A SIXTEEN-TO-ONE FINANCIER.

Silas Simpkins was a financier, although he wasn't rich—
Silas was a sorter silverite an' greenbacker an' sich—
An' he never cut his whiskers, an' he didn't wear no socks,
An' all day long he'd argify upon a dry-goods box.
An' he'd whittle, an' he'd whittle, an' he'd shorely demonstrate
How his plan 'ud save the country from a mighty sorry fate.
Why, we use' to gether round him, an' we didn't care a cuss
Fer the ploughin' an' the hayin' long es Si 'ud talk to us.

Nope, I can't quite reccollec' now jest how Si *would* fix it out,
But I shore hev seen 'im cut 'er, an' I know 'twas all about
A "per capiter," an' "ratio," an' I reccollec' thet he
Use' to orate mos' convincin' on the "crime of sempty-three."
An' he 'lowed 'twas then our slav'ry to the "plutycrat" begun,
An' I think Si said the chances was about sixteen to one
In favor of the plutycrat—an' then he'd fairly boil
When he'd tell as how they'd "squeezed the sweat from out the brow of toil."

Well, I guess Si must 'a' talked too much—it sorter wore 'im out—
Fer at last he got right porely an' cud sca'cely get about;
But he'd still come down town daily when th' weather 'ud permit,
An' he'd set out in the sunshine, an' he'd whittle an' he'd spit,
An' he'd keep right on a-talkin', es he set there in the sun,
On the plutycrats an' ratios an' about sixteen to one;
An' he argied an' contended an' he financiered until
He died one day, an' we buried him, an' th' county paid the bill.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON OUR PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION.

With what a malicious grunt of satisfaction the old Chelsea Prophet of Democracy would have received his American friends in this year of Democratic grace, could any of them have dropped into his little den in Cheyne Row! And what a philippic burst of prophecy we should straightway have had about the stump-orator as hero, and about the eternal significance of permitting sixteen fools to outvote one wise man! As a latter-day seer, had he not told us that "twenty-seven millions, mostly fools," would some day try to do sublime things with their anointed ballots—try even to change the very laws of nature?

"My friend, do you think, had the united Posterity of Adam voted, and since the Creation done nothing but vote, that three and three were seven, would this have altered the laws of arithmetic, or put to the blush the solitary Cocker who continued to assert privately that three and three were six? I consider, not.... Wretched being, do you hope to prosper by assembling six hundred and fifty-eight poor creatures in a certain apartment and getting them, after debate and 'Divide,'vide,'vide,' and report in the *Times*, to vote that what is *not*, is?... In Parliaments, Constitutional Conclaves, and Collective Wisdoms it is too fatally certain there have been many things approved of which, it was found on trial, Nature did not approve, but disapprove."

With what an intelligent sympathy this rough champion of the common people would have pointed out to them the folly of their free-silver delirium: their grievance righteous enough—only too righteous—but their remedy the most unrighteous absurdity of the century—too much Jabesh Windbag. And of those who bow down to the silvery quack of your "boy orators" this:

"All men are devoutly prostrate, worshipping the eloquent talker, and no man knows what a scandalous idol he is, out of whom in the mildest manner, like comfortable natural rest, come mere asphyxia and death everlasting. Probably there is not in Nature a more distracted phantasm than your commonplace eloquent speaker as he is found on platforms, in Parliaments, on Kentucky stumps, at tavern dinners, in windy, empty, insincere times like ours. The 'excellent Stump-Orator,' as our admiring Yankee friends define him—he who in any occurrent set of circumstances can start forth, mount upon his 'stump,' his rostrum, tribune, place in Parliament, or other ready elevation, and pour forth from him his appropriate 'Excellent speech,' his interpretation of the said circumstances, in such manner as poor windy mortals round him shall cry bravo to—he is not an artist I can much admire as matters go. Alas! he is in general merely the windiest mortal of them all, and is admired for being so in the bargain.... A mouth-piece of Chaos to poor benighted mortals that lend ear to him as to a voice from Cosmos, this excellent stump-orator fills me with amazement. Not empty, these musical wind-utterances of his; they are big with prophecy; they announce too audibly to me that the end of many things is drawing nigh!"

Prophetic words these, surely, and of little comfort in quackdom!

"Is there a hag or spectre of the Pit so baleful, hideous, as your accredited quack, were he never so close-shaven, mild-spoken, plausible to himself and others? Quack-ridden—in that one word lies all misery whatsoever." As if elocution and the ballot could change quackery into wisdom, or alter the unalterable facts and laws of the universe! Pops and Demo-Pops, and the Silver-Pops rampant, were it not well that they should at least try to know with what momentous laws and facts of the social fabric they are tampering? The one fault Carlyle found with his twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, was that they actually were fools; they did not understand; they went it blindly. O Generation of Asses! how shall this world prosper you unless your braying cease, and you apply what wisdom the Almighty has vouchsafed you?

"....Get a correct image of the fact in question, as God and Nature have made it; that is the one thing needful; with that it shall be well with you in whatsoever you have to do with said fact. Get, by the sublimest constitutional methods, belauded by all the world, an incorrect image of the fact, so shall it be other than well with you; so shall you have laud from able editors and vociferous masses of mistaken human creatures, and from Nature's Fact, continuing quite silently the same as it was, contradiction, and that only. What else? Will Nature change or sulphuric acid become sweet milk for the noise of vociferous blockheads? Surely not. Nature, as I assure you, has not the smallest intention of doing so."

"It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agreed with him in it, and accepting it as an axiom of Euclid; and in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult and a sign of malicious insanity, hardly to be borne with patience. 'For who can change the opinion of these people?' as our Divus Imperator says. No wisest of mortals. This people cannot be convinced out of its 'axiom of Euclid' by any reasoning whatsoever. On the contrary, all the world assenting, and continually repeating and reverberating, there soon comes that singular phenomenon which the Germans call *Schwärmerei* ('*enthusiasm*' is our poor Greek equivalent), which means simply 'Swarmerey,' or the 'Gathering of Men in Swarms.' And what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing when thrown into that miraculous condition! Some big Queen Bee is in the centre of the swarm; but any commonplace stupidest *bee*, Cleon the Tanner, Beales, John of Leyden, John of Bromwicham—any bee whatever, if he can happen, by noise or otherwise, to be chosen for the function, will straightway get fatted and inflated into *bulk*, which of itself means complete capacity; no difficulty about your Queen Bee; and the Swarm, once formed, finds itself impelled to action as with one heart and one mind. Singular, in the case of human swarms, with what perfection of unanimity and quasi-religious conviction the stupidest absurdities can be received as axioms of Euclid—nay, as articles of faith, which you are not only to believe, unless malignantly insane, but are (if you have any honor or morality) to push into practice, and without delay see *done*, if your soul would live!"

O. F. Hershey.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

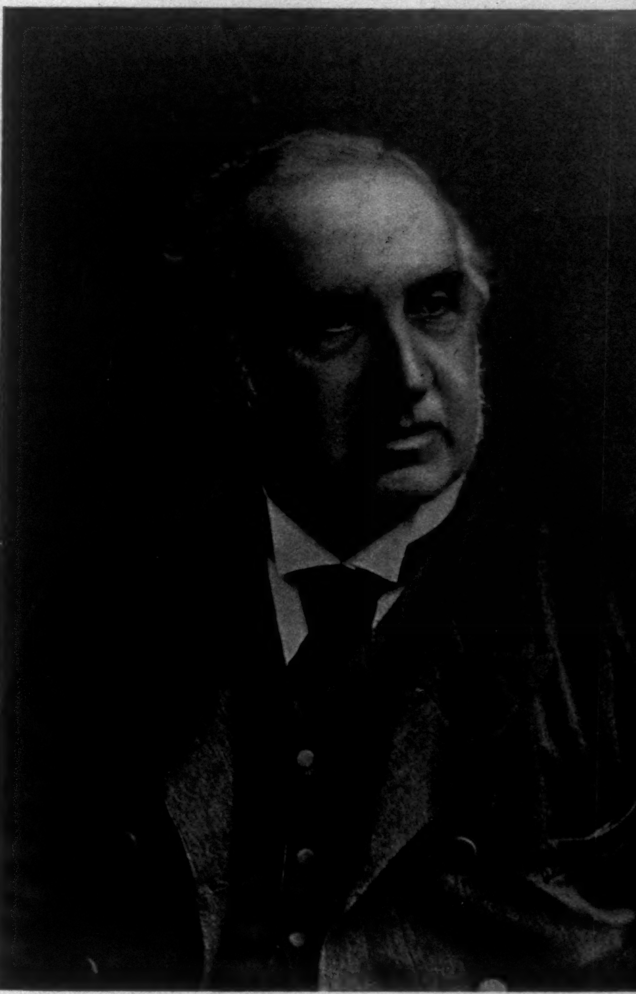
THE visit of the Lord Chief Justice of England to our shores would at any time be an event of some importance; just now it is of exceptional interest. Lord Russell is to attend the conference of the Bar Association at Saratoga, and there deliver an address on arbitration. He comes as a messenger of international good-will, prepared to back up the friendly, conciliatory speeches which have made Mr. Bayard—with the standing exception of James Russell Lowell—the most popular minister ever sent to St. James's, and to do all he can to further the establishment of that Board of International Arbitration to which every right-thinking man, here and in England, would be glad to refer the settlement of those disputes which must occasionally arise between two proud and powerful nations. Lord Russell may be sure of a hearty welcome, and a cordial, sympathetic hearing. More than any other man, he sums up, to the American mind, all that is most upright, most dignified and eloquent, in the legal profession in England. Before he became Lord Chief Justice, in 1894, he was for twenty-five years easily the foremost member at the English bar. "He stands head and shoulders above his rivals," was the openly expressed opinion of the late Lord Coleridge; and Lord Coleridge showed that he meant it by choosing Sir Charles Russell—as he was then—for his leading counsel on that unfortunate occasion when in his own court he was the defendant in a libel action brought by his son-in-law.

Lord Russell was born in 1833, on the outskirts of Newry, County Down, Ireland, near which town stood his father's brewery. He comes of a fine old Roman Catholic stock, which can trace its descent in unbroken succession for over six hundred years. He was one of five children, of whom all except himself went into the Church. One of his sisters is still, I believe, the head of the Order of Mercy in California, and has under her immediate control the care of hospitals, penitentiaries, and asylums. Another is in the Convent of Mercy at Newry. His one brother is a Jesuit priest in Dublin, and the editor of a bright and readable paper known as the *Irish Monthly*. His uncle was also a priest of some literary ability. He wrote the standard life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, the polyglot Italian priest; he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in its palmy days, and was one of the founders of the *Dublin Review*; and he is likely to live in ecclesiastical history by Cardinal Newman's reference to him in the *Apologia* as "the dear friend to whom, under Heaven, I am indebted for my conversion." Lord Russell himself has never done much in the way of literature, but his wife—a Miss Mulholland of Belfast—attracted some attention at one time by her simple, touching tales of Irish peasant life.

"Charley" Russell, as every one called him, began life in the office of a solicitor's firm at Newry, but left the lower branch of the profession in 1851 and set out for London. He supported himself at first, as most struggling law students do in London, by reporting in the press gallery of the House of Commons. In 1859, at the age of twenty-six, he was admitted into Lincoln's Inn, where his immense energy quickly made him known. He took silk in 1872, and in a short time was recognized as one of the most skilful advocates at the bar. In 1880, after two unsuccessful attempts, he entered Parliament, and became in turn Solicitor and Attorney General. As a whole, his Parliamentary career was not a great success. It was inevitable that, with his brilliant reputation at the bar, the highest legal offices in the gift of the Gladstone government should be at his disposal. But though a man of strong political convictions, an earnest Gladstonian, and a warm home-ruler, he never made any great impression on the House. He failed in good legal company; for nothing is more noticeable in English politics than the failure of the lawyers to attract the House of Commons. A village tradesman could not have a more fervent distrust of the local solicitor than Westminster has of the big-wigs of the bar. You would think, at first blush, that a man who was irresistible with a jury could not fail to have some effect on the House of Commons, which, after all, is but a larger jury, more fully representative of the nation. Mr. Russell, too, had everything in his favor—an exquisite voice, a gift of clear and attractive speech, and a fine commanding presence. I have heard him speak with marvellous effect on an audience whose daily oratorical food was the penetrating passion and pathos of John Bright and the calm lucidity of Mr. Chamberlain. But the House of Commons, even in Mr. Russell's favor, would not moderate its instinctive dislike for lawyers. Had he been as passionate as Gladstone, as biting as Salisbury, or as witty as Rosebery, the House would have remained tepid. It is a phenomenon not easily explained, though of constant occurrence. Sir Henry James only succeeded in wearying the House. Even Sir Frank Lockwood, with all his humor and happy knack of concise expression, has not proved a success. The House scornfully treats their finest speeches as bits of special pleading, their earnestness as the artifice of an advocate, their eloquence as the forced emotion of a counsel intent on a verdict. Sir Charles Russell never gave much of his time to Parliament. "Common law," he admitted, somewhat sadly, "admits of no bedfellow."

It was Sir George Lewis, the famous solicitor—who has had to give up keeping memoirs lest they should fall into alien hands and cause half the British aristocracy to leave the island—who first gave Russell his start. He discovered his ability, and for a quarter of a century poured briefs into his chambers. From the time of the Yelverton case onwards Lord Russell's career was a series of triumphs. His effect on a jury was almost magical. By nature he was formed to attract and captivate and sway the sympathies of men. His voice, if it had not the exquisite silvery cadences of Lord Coleridge's, was clear, persuasive, and resonant. The words were always aided by energetic action, and by the deep gleaming eyes of the speaker. Somebody once said that Russell was the only man at the bar who could speak in italics. The saying was odd, but was nevertheless appropriate and expressive. Russell could by the slightest modulation of his voice give all the emphasis of italics, of small print or large print, or any other effect he might desire, to his spoken words. When it was a question of pathos or emotion, the peculiar vibration of his voice lent unspeakable effect to what he was saying. How far his emotion was genuine, and how far assumed, cannot even be guessed at. If it was acting, then it was acting of a very high order. There were times, as in the celebrated Parnell Commission, when he even shed tears—genuine tears. In general his passion was well under control. His style was by no means florid or rhetorical; on the contrary, it was restrained and dignified, and the salient characteristic of it was not so much eloquence as a happy, forcible directness. He relied mostly on his consummate skill as a cross-examiner, and it was a rare intellectual treat to listen to Sir Charles when matched against an adequate witness.

Sir Charles Russell's great range of sympathies and capacities always gave him an advantage over his rivals. He is, and always has been, a many-sided man, with interests that lie in all directions and stretch through every form of work and pleasure. A breach-of-promise case or a commercial contract, a big society scandal or a question of international fishing rights, a murder trial or a



LORD RUSSELL.

Parnell Commission—it was all the same to him. He had lived with all classes of people, and had learned to know the world thoroughly. Lord Coleridge was an extremely clever pleader, a scholar in a light and graceful fashion, a great reader, and a brilliant conversationalist. He built his reputation not on his general knowledge of law and affairs, but on the wonderful acuteness with which he covered up his ignorance. Lord Russell is a stronger man than his predecessor. He is not only a lawyer; he is a sportsman, a politician, a business man, a man of the world. He could bring a special technical knowledge to bear upon almost any case submitted to him. No one but Lord Russell could have delivered that famous speech before the Parnell Commission of 1888. There has, it is almost needless to say, been no case of any importance during the last twenty years in which he has not been prominently concerned. The skill with which he could play upon the emotions of a jury made him almost a necessity in the great society scandals. The Colin Campbell case, which lasted nineteen days, Chetwynd *v.* Durham, the Crawford divorce case, the Wyndham lunacy petition, the great Pearl case, the Tanby Croft scandal, when the Prince of Wales was called as witness, the Bell *v.* Lawes trial, when the law courts resembled the opening day of the Royal Academy, and the notorious Maybrick case were all cases after his own heart. They gave a wide field for advocacy, for the exercise of his special gifts of appeal and denunciation. A good many people used to say that Sir Charles Russell was wise in relying upon his eloquence instead of upon his knowledge, and that his appeals to the emotions rather than to the intelligence of the jury served the useful purpose of concealing his ignorance of technical law. I have no right to express an opinion, but I have heard Sir George Lewis declare that Sir Charles Russell, in addition to being the best verdict-getter in the kingdom, was also a great lawyer. And you have only to consult any English barrister to get a decided opinion on the comparative merits of Coleridge and Russell as Lord Chief Justice. No single decision of his has so far been reversed, and in the one case which has called forth his great qualities as a lawyer and a judge—the trial of Jameson and his associates—he was not found wanting. His setting forth of the law on that occasion, apart from the dignity of its utterance, was trenchant and accurate, and has been endorsed by every competent authority. However that may be, in the old days his name was one to conjure with. His clientele was unequalled, and his fees and refreshers without precedent.

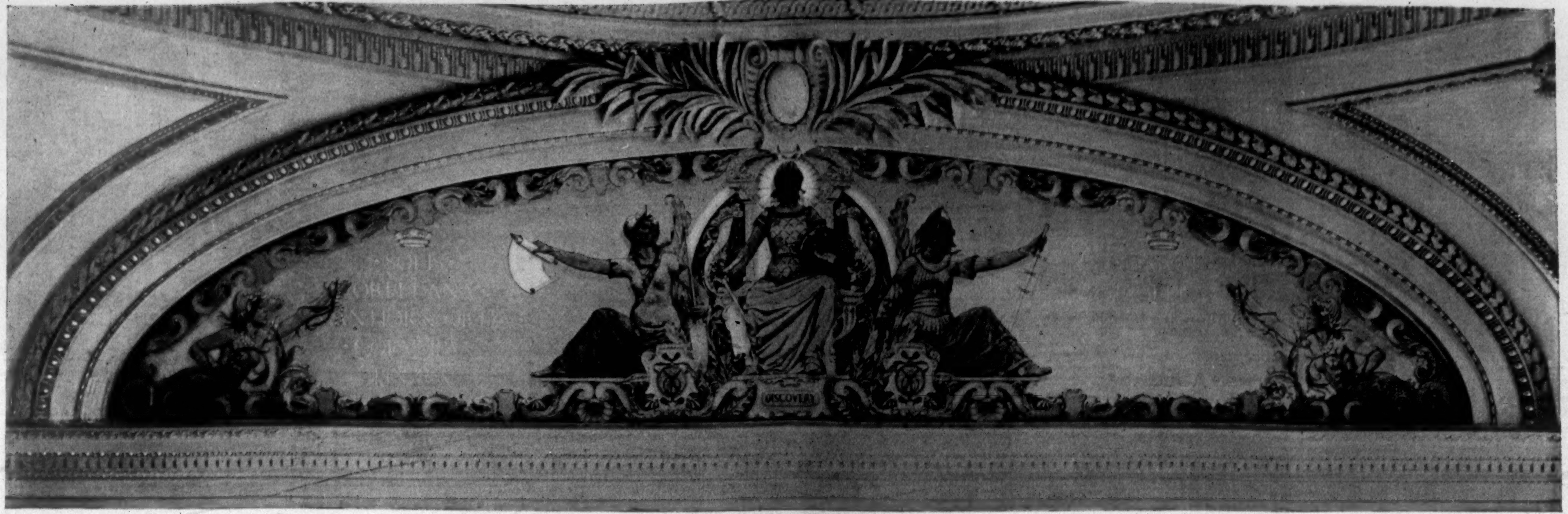
The biggest fortunes in the legal profession in England are usually made by the men who practise before Parliamentary committees. But they work out of sight of the public eye, and very few men even know their names. Sir Charles probably made a bigger fortune than any other man who practised in open court. His average income was $150,000 a year. I remember in one famous murder trial it was calculated that his time was worth $15 a minute. Sir Charles never spared himself. He met his juniors in consultation night and morning; the lamp burned in his chambers till the early hours, and sometimes he would sleep there. No amount of work seemed to tell on him. After a heavy day in the law courts he would, as often as not, attend to his Parliamentary duties, or run down into the provinces to address a great political meeting. The only restorative he allowed himself was snuff, and he and Sir Richard Webster used to exchange boxes with an air of portentous old-world gravity. But the Lord Chief Justice of England has laid aside his snuff-box; and even the bandanna handkerchief, so long an object of interest and amazement to the courts, has passed out of sight.

There was only one opinion in 1894 as to who should succeed Lord Coleridge as Chief Justice. Lord Coleridge's resignation had been too long delayed. He clung tenaciously to his office, in the hope of seeing his son Bernard elevated to the bench. His feeble health had thrown the business of the court behindhand, and the irregular sittings, the vexatious delays, and the grievous unpunctuality of "the chief" were becoming a positive scandal. Lord Russell reformed all that. The changes in procedure which Lord Russell has introduced have immensely added to his popularity among the bar and public. There is probably no other court in the world in which business is got through so expeditiously as in the Chief Justice's court. As a small proof of his intolerance of delay, it may be noted that with Lord Russell the age of judicial ignorance has passed away. Lord Coleridge would never own up to knowing anything. He used to amuse the court by insisting on having the most ordinary expressions elaborately explained to him. "Oof?" he once said. "What is oof, pray?" Lord Russell knows and revels in his knowledge. He astonished England about a year ago by showing an acquaintance with the details of betting that was certainly not equalled by more than five million people in Great Britain.

But Lord Russell, as I said, is far from being a mere lawyer. He is a thorough-going, out-and-out sportsman, a monarch at the whist table, a capital shot, and fond of an occasional "flutter." Only a few months ago he was telling the Eton boys that he would sooner be the finest bowler in England than Prime Minister. Whenever he is visiting a school he questions the boys about their games, and occasionally takes a hand in them. There was a description in a paper only the other day of a game at baseball at which his lordship umpired. The game must have been a great success. One of the teams made 350 runs, and there were seventeen innings. No one was put out in the first innings at all. In the fourth innings the ball was lost, and the man at the bat made ten home runs, one after another, and had them all counted by the umpire. Lord Russell is not the man to do things by halves. In a little village under the shelter of Killowen Bay is a farmer who some forty-five years ago beat "Charley" Russell at putting the stone. He tells with much pride how the future Lord Chief Justice sat up the whole of that night practising the feat, and beat his rival next day.

Sir Charles Russell was one of the most familiar sights on English race-courses. He is a sound judge of horse-flesh, and used to back his fancies regularly. That was in the days when he spent his vacation at Monte Carlo, and those days are past. Early in 1895 Lord Russell took his name off the lists of the Jockey Club, a suit in which the club was interested being likely to come before him. He even went further. He was asked, about a year ago, what he had won on the last Derby. "I have made it a point, since I became Lord Chief Justice, to put no money on any horse," was the characteristic reply. There must have been a superb groan suppressed behind those determined words, for the chances were he would certainly have backed the winning horse of his neighbor and friend Lord Rosebery. Lord Russell's country-seat, Tadworth Court, is in sight of the historic race-course, on the fringe of the breezy Epsom Downs. Great Britain holds no more idyllic scene than is presented at Tadworth Court on quiet Sundays in summer, when Lord Russell, fresh from his labors in Parliament or some great case in the law courts, tramps about the meadows or the farm-yard in shooting-coat and felt hat, looking wondrous wise at the points of an Alderney, or poking with forensic forefinger the fat ribes of a prize porker. It is all very quiet and peaceful; but whenever he looks towards the race-course a shade comes over his face, and his hand goes up instinctively to the place where his betting-book ought to be—and is not.

PICAROON.



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PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

V.—THE DECORATIONS OF MR. GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

THREE years ago, when the Fair buildings at Chicago brought the mural painters of America into notice as a body, very nearly the entire group being represented on the walls and domes, it so happened that the conditions were, on the whole, favorable to a mingling of pictorial with decorative elements; and most of the work, including some of the best examples, illustrated an ambitious form of art. One painter alone seemed indifferent to the pictorial motive in any elaborate sense, and not merely content with pure formal decoration, but unwilling to depart from its more rigid conventions. He, Mr. George W. Maynard, justified his taste through his abilities, and the external walls of the Agricultural Building, adorned by him in Pompeian flat tints, with single figures introduced in strictly conventional panels, were among the most artistic and instructive in the Fair. There was a little surprise in this; for while Mr. Maynard had often displayed a decorative faculty, and had executed, indeed, many commissions in this field, his gifts had also embraced a marked strain of gayety, of picturesque and animated composition—as witness his numerous mermaid pictures—and he, quite as much as any one else in the corps of artists at the Fair, might have been expected to produce a whimsical set of designs. The Agricultural Building proved, however, that he preferred to be more scrupulously faithful to a thoroughly decorative ideal than many of his colleagues. The work was characteristic. In all his decorative painting, even in the freely handled frieze of the Waldorf, which is among his best things, he has been essentially a decorator; and his latest performance, the paintings in one of the pavilions of the Congressional Library at Washington, reveals the same conservative mood which has controlled all his work in the past.

Conservatism, when it is sound, has few qualities of which it can be so proud as of the quality of certainty. The type is sometimes merely

tympanum, are all of a creamy hue or of gold, the latter sometimes appearing independently, as on the boundaries just mentioned, or serving to accent the paler surfaces. In his decorations Mr. Maynard keeps to the same restrained key, and uses light blues, greens, yellows, and violets, with white and gold threaded everywhere through and through the scheme.

This scheme, formal as it is, nevertheless calls for careful description as well in its symbolical as in its artistic relations. It includes four elliptical spaces on the walls, filling the room between the cornice and the rise of the dome. The latter, a gently swelling affair that seems flatter than it really is, is covered with one large painting. Roughly speaking, the decorations may be said to stand for the ideas which governed the creation of this country. The small panels are dedicated respectively to Adventure, Discovery, Conquest, and Civilization, the geniuses of the quartet forming an obvious sequence. In the ceiling four figures typify Courage, Valor, Fortitude, and Achievement, amplifying the allegorical significance of the lower panels. The latter, as well as the ceiling, are idealistic abstractions, but there runs through the whole a constant reference to national and racial characteristics or events. For example, in the first panel, Adventure sits on her white throne in golden armor and wearing a purple robe. She bears a sword and the winged wand of Mercury. She herself is of no special land or time; but the armed genius who sits on her right is a northern type, and looks toward a shield in the corner, whereon the arms of the Elizabethan England are set forth; while the figure on her left, bearing an axe, is representative of the Spain of the same era, the arms of that nation being also exhibited on a shield at the extremity of the wall. The British figure carries a sword, and plays idly with a heap of silver coins—pieces of eight—emblematic of her devotion to trade. Haughty Spain, gripping her axe in defiance, bears also a little idol of Peruvian gold, thus pointing to the geographical nature of her early conquests, and hinting at the character of her favorite booty. Each of these attendant figures is accompanied by a shield which bears a representation of the

ity of certainty. The type is sometimes merely cautious. In the case of a man like Mr. Maynard it means that he is sure, and the first impression he yields in the Washington designs is one of maturity, of grasp—of clear-eyed science, one might say, were the conception and execution less spontaneous than they are. One does not turn first for evidences in his paintings of a gradual evolution from sketch to finished production. These decorations seem to have been put in place simultaneously with the walls and ceiling which they cover. Partly this is due to the organic style of the whole room, to the exact harmony struck between the paintings and the wood and plaster work in which they are set. From floor to dome a delicate combination of pale gold and ivory white has been employed. The slender pilasters that line the room, the coffered vault, the lines of foliated ornament that encircle the painting on the dome and mark the curving limits of each

CEILING DECORATION.

hinting at the character of her favorite booty. Each of these attendant figures is accompanied by a shield which bears a representation of the Viking ship—typical craft of early adventure. The broad space that intervenes between the central group and the outer limits of the design is embellished on one side with the names of Englishmen, such as Drake and Raleigh; on the other, with the names of Spanish adventurers. The whole is enclosed by a conventional arrangement of dolphins, shells, and shields in a border of scroll-like lines, flowing and highly decorative.

The composition of this first panel is the composition of the second and the remaining wall decorations. The differences consist in slight variations of color, developments in the symbolism, and, of course, pronounced changes in the individualities of the figures. The second panel, glorifying the Discovery which follows on Adventure, substitutes marine deities in the corners for the Spanish and American shields of the first design, and these, whose arms are extended across spaces now adorned

SECTIONS OF THE TYMPANUMS DEDICATED TO "ADVENTURE" AND "CONQUEST."

TYMPANUM DEDICATED TO "CIVILIZATION."

GEORGE W. MAYNARD'S DECORATIONS IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

with the names of discoverers like Pinzon and Cabot, are offering pearls and coral, the objects of so many early voyages, to figures who support emblems of primitive seafaring—the chart, the paddle, and the old "back-staff." The genius of Discovery, throned in the centre, bears a globe in her lap, on which Mr. Maynard has copied the famous map of Leonardo at Windsor, which shows the old Italian idea of America's outline and relation to the rest of the world. The cartouches at the sides of the throne, similar in outline to those which present the Viking ship in the preceding decoration, are adorned with the ancient astrolabe.

Conquest, the presiding divinity of the third panel, is a heroic figure, maintaining on her throne, with evident determination, a gigantic sword. The Spanish and English coats of arms recur here in the corners, and one of the two attendant geniuses, wearing sixteenth-century armor, carries the sword and the palm as indicative of the conquest of South America by the Spaniards. The other, provided with a similar weapon, and bearing a bunch of oak leaves, is emblematic of the British entrance into New England. The thronal cartouches are decorated with the Pillars of Hercules, as the portal between the Old World and the New. In the final composition the marine deities are restored to the corners, but the figure of the North, to whom one offers an ear of corn, and that of the South, to whom the other brings a ball of cotton, are both more refined than any of the other types. As they recline in their flowing draperies of light tints and fabrics, they turn their heads to gaze upon a gracious image of Civilization in the central seat. The latter upholds the torch of knowledge, and displays an open book upon her lap. Her cartouches present in each case a lamp and a book.

This naturally terminates Mr. Maynard's sequence, but the ceiling comes as a fitting addition, in that it brings forward still more idealistic types. There, in a labyrinth of beautiful ornament, stands Courage, with the scale armor, lion-skin, and club of the earliest and brawniest brute force. Valor follows in a lighter armor, and with a mien, like her weapon, more chivalrous and elegant than her companion's. Fortitude, carrying the time-honored pillar, goes unarmored and unarmed. Achievement, clad in Roman garb, and holding the Roman symbol of empire, represents the last stage of civilized success and pomp. All these heroical women wear tawny robes, and, indeed, both ceiling and wall are constant in their repetition of the yellow note—not a brilliant yellow, but one which falls suavely into the key of the ivory white and gold of the entire room.

Enough has been said to show the unity of Mr. Maynard's paintings as expressive of ideas. As decoration they are refined, measured, just, fine, and strong pieces of work. The reproductions can show his symmetrical balancing of lines and masses, his happy adaptation of forms to difficult spaces, his admirable distribution of ornament, and his distinction in the elaboration of that ornament itself. But it needs an acquaintance with the tactful development of his color scheme, and a view of the design as a whole, to appreciate his mastery in making the pavilion an illustration of art not applied to, but actually absorbed into, the architecture with which it was asked to co-operate. No apology is to be offered for a return to the architectural, or rather to the constructive, merits of the decorations in the library. Those merits are the chief, and the ones most needed. Mr. Maynard exemplifies them in their highest estate. No one knows better than he the unobtrusive mission of mural art, its commanding and yet modest place in the economy of building. He holds the attention closely in these new things, but never secures it through violence. On the contrary, he greets the vision gently; he treats it persuasively, reposefully; he leaves it unexcited and refreshed. In this he points the moral, so to speak, of his dignified and individualized productions. In the grace of his figures, in the taste and harmony of his coloration, in the fluidity and strength of his ornament, he carries the mural decoration of America a long distance on toward its golden age.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

AN ATTEMPT AT MUNICIPAL REFORM.

In April last the Citizens' League, a reform movement organized by a number of young men of New Orleans with comparatively little experience of politics, swept that city in the general State and municipal elections by an overwhelming majority, electing all its candidates, not only for the city, but for the judicial, legislative, and local positions as well. The movement was an unpartisan one, which protested against the dragging of State or national issues into a municipal election, and proposed to select candidates because of their merit and efficiency, without regard to their politics, and whether they were Republicans or Democrats, and which aimed to reform the gross abuses that had existed for some time in the city government of New Orleans. It was one of those political revolutions so frequent in democracies—an avalanche or tidal wave, as the papers call it. The League found itself, as a result of its victory, with even greater powers than it had aimed at, and was not a little embarrassed thereby, for it had secured not only control of the municipal government, but it held the balance of power in the General Assembly, decided who should be Governor, failed by only one vote to elect the United States Senator, and largely framed and dictated the legislation of the session which closed July 10.

But this political revolution of April 22, great and complete as it was, is as nothing compared with the revolution which has followed in the municipal government of New Orleans and the methods of administration. The changes made have been more radical than would be the conversion of Russia to a democracy. A city beyond question the most maladministered in the Union, and in many respects worse than New York under Tweed, has adopted the most advanced and progressive charter, the Australian ballot, civil service reform, and has abandoned partisan politics in city elections.

The late City Council of New Orleans, known as the "boodle council" because of its corruption, went out of office considerably shorn in numbers. Some of its leading lights were still engaged in public service, but in the Penitentiary instead of the City Hall; a majority of the others were under indictment for corruption and other felonies; and in all twenty-three out of thirty members were charged with accepting bribes. But the corruption and blackmail which reigned rampant were perhaps the least offensive features of the "boodle" government. What affected the city and the people most was the surrender by the Council, the barter and sale (generally accompanied by open bribery) of all the public functions and municipal powers of the city. New Orleans had been robbed and stripped naked by the robbers, who took not only its money, but its clothing also. The treasury was empty, and many debts left unpaid, and, far worse, all the police and sanitary powers, all the official functions, had been bartered away to corporations or individuals.

The public markets, valuable because they enjoy a monopoly of the sale of all meats, fish, provisions, etc., belong to the city, but have been leased for many years back. This precedent has been followed in regard to all the other city property or franchises, the aim of the Council being apparently to sell out everything, no matter what it brought.

The water-works, also the property of the city, were sold to a private company, and the city now pays even for the water used in extinguishing fires.

The wharves, built by the city, were leased for a long period of years to the Louisiana Construction Company, which has full charge and control of the entire city front, even to policing it, and which collects all the port and harbor dues for its own use and profit, the port charges being so excessive that they are slowly strangling trade and commerce.

Even the sewerage was leased out, and a private company, the New Orleans Sewerage Company, was authorized to dig sewers, to provide houses with sewer connections, and to charge property-holders an annual tax.

To such an extent was this sale of franchises carried that in 1892 street railroad franchises were sold which would not begin until 1905, to run to the end of the next century.

In the disposition shown to relieve New Orleans of all the powers usually enjoyed by a city, the police were taken absolutely from its control and turned over to a Police Commission. It was the same with the Fire Department and the public schools. The management of the city debt was placed in the hands of an independent board, the Board of Liquidation, in no wise responsible to the city government.

The parks, public squares, and even the principal streets were surrendered by the city and turned over to commissions of private citizens, the money needed for their care and maintenance being raised by voluntary contributions or charity picnics. The parks have for some years past been maintained and beautified in this way without aid from the city and without any interference on its part; and even Canal Street, the Broadway of New Orleans, has been swept and kept clean for the past year by a committee of citizens, into whose hand all control of the thoroughfare has been surrendered by the Council.

The new government elected by the Citizens' League took charge of New Orleans during May, and has therefore had a little over two months' experience. It went to work energetically to correct some of the many abuses which existed. It abolished all the numerous sinecures, reduced the salaries of public officials to the standard paid for similar work in civil life, increased the hours of labor to eight a day, and made many other similar reforms; but in the powerless dismantled condition of the city the more important and needed reforms could not be made, because the city had surrendered control of most of its functions. The first thing to be done before any decided improvement could be accomplished was to recover these lost powers. A special committee was appointed to investigate the sale or lease of all franchises, and to find whether the terms and conditions of these contracts had been complied with by the purchasers or lessees. In two months it has accomplished wonders in restoring to New Orleans some of its lost functions of government.

The New Orleans Sewerage Company was found to have violated its contract. Its charter has been forfeited, and the city, instead of a private company, will provide the people with a sewerage system.

The city has resumed control of the removal of garbage, street sweepings and cleaning, and is doing the work for half what it paid the company.

Through the League or reform members of the Legislature a Dock Commission was created with complete control of the wharves. This commission is authorized, under the right of eminent domain, to expropriate the wharves, now under the control of a private company, and to pay the lessees what shall be determined as the actual value of their unexpired lease. When this has been done, the wharfage dues and port charges which have been so oppressive and injurious to commerce will be abolished, and New Orleans will be made a free port.

A Drainage Commission has also been created, and the task of draining New Orleans, which no previous administration has ever dared attempt, or even suggest, will be undertaken. How important and yet how difficult the task is may be imagined from the fact that every inch of ground is well below the level of the Mississippi River, and a considerable proportion of it below the Gulf of Mexico. The work will cost from $8,000,000 to $20,000,000. The city has been authorized to undertake it at once, and to issue the necessary bonds, and the work—the dream and ambition of New Orleans for a century—will begin this fall.

A permanent income has been provided for the improvement and maintenance of the parks, which will no longer be compelled to depend on insufficient charity.

While the improvements in the matter of parks, streets, garbage removal, sewerage, street sweeping and cleaning, free wharves, drainage, hospitals, etc., are important, the greatest reforms achieved, in consequence of the success of the Citizens' League in the late election, has been on political lines. The entire political system has been revolutionized by the passage of a new registration law, a new election law, and a new city charter.

The present registration system is thoroughly bad, and materially aided the late "ring" in maintaining itself in power. The registration was continuous, new names being added to the list from year to year, without, however, dropping the old ones; for there was no proper system of investigating or purging. The books naturally grew steadily worse from year to year. They contained thousands of names of men dead long ago; others sent to the Penitentiary or removed from the city. There was no practical check to fraudulent registration, and the total number of registered persons whose names were borne on the rolls were frequently thrice as great as the actual voters. A trade sprang up in fraudulent registration papers, which were freely offered at so much per 100 or 1000. One man is known to have held several thousand papers of recently arrived Italian immigrants—a foreigner can vote in Louisiana without being naturalized. The immigrants were registered as they landed from the Naples or Palermo steamer, left their papers on deposit in New Orleans, to be used when needed, and then went off to the country to work on the sugar plantations.

All these frauds are impossible under the new law. There must be a new registration with every election; and the voter is required to present a written application which fully identifies him, and furnishes the basis for prosecution should fraud be attempted.

The late election law of Louisiana, repealed only a few days ago, was the worst ever passed in this country, and reeked with fraud and corruption. It is true that in spite of it an honest election was held in New Orleans in April, but this was only because it was known that there was a regularly organized and well-armed citizens' militia, with a squad to each polling-place, and that fraud meant danger if not death to those who attempted it. The new election law provides for the most advanced and radical Australian ballot for New Orleans. The country members objected to it for the rest of Louisiana, and declared that the State had not got that far yet in reform. So New Orleans will hold future elections under a system different from that of the rest of Louisiana.

The most radical political change proposed, however, is in the new city charter, which was forced through the Legislature by the Leaguers against the opposition of the country members, who declared that it was a little in advance of the time, and would play havoc with the old parties and the politicians. It is based on the latest doctrines and recommendations of the National Municipal Reform League—provides for a mayor with extended powers, who appoints the chiefs of the several departments; a City Council, all the members of which are elected by the vote of the entire people (this provision was amended by the Legislature, but the original section will be restored to the act); and for the establishment of civil service rules, all employés being appointed after the usual examination.

These are the most important, but by no means all the reform features proposed for the government of New Orleans. They will revolutionize its governmental methods. What will be the practical effects of these changes remains yet to be seen. Such radical reforms may be premature in a community so unaccustomed to them, and New Orleans and its people may not yet be prepared to appreciate Utopia. The experiment, however, will be thoroughly tested under the most favorable conditions; and the attempt will be made to convert the worst governed city in the Union, which had squandered or surrendered in despair all its functions, into an ideally administered one. If a revolution of this kind is possible in New Orleans, with its cosmopolitanism, its mixed races and nationalities, its ancient prejudices, its peculiar physical conditions, it will then be in order to ask if there is any city in America which cannot stand similar reforms.

NORMAN WALKER.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XXIV.

MRS. DURGIN and Cynthia did not seek any formal meeting the next morning. The course of their work brought them together, but it was not till after they had transacted several household affairs of pressing importance that Mrs. Durgin asked, "What's this about you and Jeff?"

"Has he been telling you?" asked Cynthia, in her turn, though she knew he had.

"Yes," said Mrs. Durgin, with a certain dryness, which was half humorous. "I presume if you two are satisfied it's all right."

"I guess we're satisfied," said the girl, with a tremor of relief which she tried to hide.

Nothing more was said, and there was no physical demonstration of affection or rejoicing between the women. They knew that the time would come when they would talk over the affair down to the bone together, but now they were content to recognize the fact, and let the time for talking arrive when it would. "I guess," said Mrs. Durgin, "you'd better go over to the helps' house and see how that youngest Miller girl's gittin' along. She'd ought to give up and go home if she a'n't fit for her work."

"I'll go and see her," said Cynthia. "I don't believe she's strong enough for a waitress, and I have got to tell her so."

"Well," returned Mrs. Durgin, glumly, after a moment's reflection, "I shouldn't want you should hurry her. Wait till she's out of bed, and give her another chance."

"All right."

Jeff had been lurking about for the event of the interview, and he waylaid Cynthia on the path to the helps' house.

"I'm going over to see that youngest Miller girl," she explained.

"Yes, I know all about that," said Jeff. "Well, mother took it just right, didn't she? You can't always count on her; but I hadn't much anxiety in this case. She likes you, Cynthia."

"I guess so," said the girl, demurely; and she looked away from him to smile her pleasure in the fact.

"But I believe if she hadn't known you were with her about my last year in Harvard—it would have been different. I could see, when I brought it in that you wanted me to go back, her mind was made up for you."

"Why need you say anything about that?"

"Oh, I knew it would clinch her. I understand mother. If you want something from her you mustn't ask it straight out. You must propose something very dis-

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agreeable. Then when she refuses that, you can come in for what you were really after and get it."

"I don't know," said Cynthia, "as I should like to think your mother had been tricked into feeling right about me."

"Tricked!" The color flashed up in Jeff's face.

"Not that, Jeff," said the girl, tenderly. "But you know what I mean. I hope you talked it all out fully with her."

"Fully? I *don't* know what you mean."

"About your not studying law, and—everything."

"I don't believe in crossing a river till I come to it," said Jeff. "I didn't say anything to her about that."

"You didn't!"

"No. What had it got to do with our being engaged?"

"What had your going back to Harvard to do with it? If your mother thinks I'm with her in that, she'll think I'm with her in the other. And I'm not. I'm with *you*." She let her hand find his, as they walked side by side, and gave it a little pressure.

"It's the greatest thing, Cynthy," he said, breathlessly, "to *have* you with me in that. But if you said I ought to study law, I should do it."

"I shouldn't say that, for I believe your're right; but even if I believed you were wrong, I shouldn't say it. You have a right to make your life what you want it; and your mother hasn't. Only, she must know it, and you must tell her at once."

"At once?"

"Yes—now. What good will it do to put it off? You're not *afraid* to tell her!"

"I don't like you to use that word."

"And I don't like to use it. But I know how it is. You're afraid that the brunt of it will come on *me*. She'll think you're all right, but I'm all wrong because I agree with you."

"Something like that."

"Well, now, I'm not afraid of anything she can say; and what could she do? She can't part us, unless you let her, and then *I* should let her, too."

"But what's the hurry? What's the need of doing it right off?"

"Because it's a deceit not to do it. It's a lie!"

"I don't see it in that light. I might change my mind, and still go on and study law."

"You know you never will. Now, Jeff! Why do you act so?"

Jeff did not answer at once. He walked beside her with a face of trouble that finally became one of resolve in the set jaws. "I guess you're right, Cynthy. She's got to know the worst, and the sooner she knows it the better."

"Yes!"

He had another moment of faltering. "You don't want I should talk it over with Mr. Westover?"

"What has he got to do with it?"

"That's true!"

"If you want to see it in the right light, you can think you've let it run on till after you're out of college, and then you've got to tell her. Suppose she asked you how long you had made up your mind against the law, how should you feel? And if she asked me whether I'd known it all along, and I had to say I had, and that I'd supported and encouraged you in it, how should *I* feel?"

"She mightn't ask any such question," said Jeff, gloomily. Cynthia gave a little impatient "Oh!" and he hastened to add: "But you're right; I've got to tell her. I'll tell her to-night—"

"Don't wait till to-night; do it now."

"Now?"

"Yes; and I'll go with you as soon as I've seen the youngest Miller girl." They had reached the helps' house now, and Cynthia said: "You wait outside here, and I'll go right back with you. Oh, I hope it isn't doing wrong to put it off till I've seen that girl!" She disappeared through the door, and Jeff waited by the steps outside, plucking up one long grass stem after another, and biting it in two. When Cynthia came out she said: "I guess she'll be all right. Now come, and don't lose another second."

"You're afraid I sha'n't do it if I wait any longer!"

"I'm afraid *I* sha'n't." There was a silence after this.

"Do you know what I think of you, Cynthy?" asked Jeff, hurrying to keep up with her quick steps. "You've got more courage—"

"Oh, don't praise me or I shall break down!"

"I'll see that you don't break down," said Jeff, tenderly. "It's the greatest thing to have you go with me!"

"Why don't you *see?*" she lamented. "If you went alone, and you told your mother that I approved of it, you would look as if you were afraid, and wanted to get behind me; and I'm not going to have that."

They found Mrs. Durgin in the dark entry of the old farm-house, and Cynthia said, with involuntary imperiousness, "Come in here, Mrs. Durgin; I want to tell you something."

She led the way to the old parlor, and she checked Mrs. Durgin's question, "Has that Miller girl—"

"It isn't about her," said Cynthy, pushing the door to. "It's about me—and Jeff."

Mrs. Durgin became aware of Jeff's presence with an effect of surprise. "There a'n't anything *more*, is there?"

"Yes, there is!" Cynthia shrilled. "Now, Jeff!"

"It's just this, mother. Cynthy thinks I ought to tell you—and she thinks I ought to have told you last night—she expected me to—that I'm not going to study law."

"And I approve of his not doing it," Cynthia promptly followed, and she put herself beside Jeff where he stood in front of his mother's rocking-chair.

She looked from one to the other of the faces before her. "I'm sorry a son of mine," she said, with dignity, "had to be told how to act with his mother. But if he had, I don't know as anybody had a better right to do it than the girl that's going to marry him. And I'll say this, Cynthia Whitwell, before I say anything else: you've begun *right*. I wish I could say Jeff had."

There was an uncomfortable moment before Cynthia said, "He *expected* to tell you."

"Oh, yes, I know," said his mother, sadly. She added, sharply, "And did he expect to tell me what he intended to do for a livin'?"

Jeff took the word. "Yes, I did. I intend to keep a hotel."

"What hotel?" asked Mrs. Durgin, with a touch of taunting in her tone.

"This one."

The mother of the bold, rebellious boy that Jeff had been stirred in Mrs. Durgin's heart, and she looked at him with the eyes that used to condone his mischief. But she said, "I guess you'll find out that there's more than one has to agree to that."

"Yes, there are two; you and Jackson; and I don't know but what three, if you count Cynthy, here."

His mother turned to the girl. "You think this fellow's got sense enough to keep a hotel?"

"Yes, Mrs. Durgin, I do. I think he's got good ideas about a hotel."

"And what's he goin' to do with his college education?"

Jeff interposed. "You think that all the college graduates turn out lawyers, and doctors, and professors? Some of 'em are mighty glad to sweep out banks in hopes of a clerkship; and some take any sort of a place in a mill or a business house, to work up; and some bum round out West on cattle ranches; and some, if they're lucky, get newspaper reporters' places at ten dollars a week."

Cynthia followed with the generalization: "I don't believe anybody can know too much to keep a hotel. It won't hurt Jeff if he's been to Harvard, or to Europe, either."

"I guess there's a pair of you," said Mrs. Durgin, with superficial contempt. She was silent for a time, and they waited. "Well, there!" she broke out again. "I've got something to chew upon for a spell, I guess. Go along, now, both of you! And the next time you've got to face your mother, Jeff, don't you come in lookin' round anybody's petticoats! I'll see you later about all this."

They went away with the joyful shame of children who have escaped punishment.

"That's the last of it, Cynthy," said Jeff.

"I guess so," the girl assented, with a certain grief in her voice. "I wish you *had* told her first!"

"Oh, never mind that now!" cried Jeff, and in the dim passageway he took her in his arms and kissed her.

He would have released her, but she lingered in his embrace. "Will you promise that if there's ever anything like it again, you *won't* wait for me to make you?"

"I like your having made me, but I promise," he said.

Then she tightened her arms round his neck and kissed him.

XXV.

The will of Jeff's mother relaxed its grip upon the purpose so long held, as if the mere strain of the tenacity had wearied and weakened it. When it finally appeared that her ambition for her son was not his ambition for himself and would never be, she abandoned it. Perhaps it was the easier for her to forego her hopes of his distinction in the world, because she had learned before that she must forego her hopes of him in other ways. She had vaguely fancied that with the acquaintance his career at Harvard would open to him, Jeff would make a splendid marriage. She had followed darkling and stumbling his course in society as far as he would report it to her, and when he would not suffer her to glory in it, she believed that he was forbidding her from a pride that would not recognize anything out of the common in it. She exulted in his pride, and she took all his snubbing reserves tenderly, as so many proofs of his success.

At the bottom of her heart she had both fear and contempt of all towns-people, whom she generalized from her experience of them as summer-folks of a greater or lesser silliness. She often found herself unable to cope with them, even when she felt that she had twice their sense; she perceived that they had something from their training that with all her undisciplined force she could never hope to win from her own environment. But she believed that her son would have the advantages which baffled her in them, for he would have their environment; and she had wished him to rivet his hold upon those advantages by taking a wife from among them, and by living the life of their world. Her wishes, of course, had no such distinct formulation, and the feeling she had towards Cynthia as a possible barrier to her ambition had no more definition. There had been times when the fitness of her marriage with Jeff had moved the mother's heart to a jealousy that she always kept silent, while she hoped for the accident or the providence which should annul the danger. But Genevieve Vostrand had not been the kind of accident or providence that she would have invoked, and when she saw Jeff's fancy turning towards her, Mrs. Durgin had veered round to Cynthia. All the same she kept a keen eye upon the young ladies among the summer-folks who came to Lion's Head, and tacitly canvassed their merits and inclinations with respect to Jeff in the often-imagined event of his caring for any one of them. She found that her artfully casual references to her son's being in Harvard scarcely affected their mothers in the right way. The fact made them think of the head waiters whom they had met at other hotels, and who were working their way through Dartmouth, or Williams, or Yale, and it required all the force of Jeff's robust personality to dissipate their erroneous impressions of him. He took their daughters out of their arms and from under their noses on long drives upon his buckboard, and it became a convention with them to treat his attentions somewhat like those of a powerful but faithful vassal.

Whether he was indifferent, or whether the young ladies were coy, none of these official flirtations came to anything. He seemed not to care for one more than another; he laughed and joked with them all, and had an official manner with each which served somewhat like a disparity of years in putting them at their ease with him. They agreed that he was very handsome, and some thought him very talented; but they questioned whether he was quite what you would call a gentleman. It is true that this misgiving attacked them mostly in the mass; singly, they were little or not at all troubled by it, and they severally behaved in an unprincipled indifference to it.

Mrs. Durgin had the courage of her own purposes, but she had the fear of Jeff's. After the first pang of the disappointment which took final shape from his declaration that he was going to marry Cynthia, she did not really care much. She had the habit of the girl, of being constantly with her. She respected her, she even loved her. The children, as she thought of them, had known each other from their earliest days; Jeff had bullied and persecuted Cynthia throughout his graceless boyhood, but he had never intimidated her; and his mother, with all her weakness for him, felt that it was well for him that his wife should be brave enough to stand up against him.

She formulated this feeling no more than the others, but she said to Westover, whom Jeff bade her tell of the engagement: "It a'n't exactly as I could 'a' wished it to be. But I don't know as mothers are ever quite suited with their children's marriages. I presume it's from always kind of havin' had her round under my feet ever since she was born, as you may say, and seein' her family always so shiftless. Well, I can't say that of Frank, either. He's turned out a fine boy; but the father! Cynthy *is* one of the most capable girls, smart as a trap, and bright as a biscuit. She's masterful, too; she *need* to have a will of her own with Jeff."

Something of the insensate pride that mothers have in their children's faults, as their quick tempers, or their wastefulness, or their revengefulness, expressed itself in her tone; and it was perhaps this that irritated Westover.

"I hope he'll never let her know it. I don't think a strong will is a thing to be prized, and I shouldn't consider it one of Cynthia's good points. The happiest life for her would be one that never forced her to use it."

"I don't know as I understand you exactly," said Mrs. Durgin, with some dryness. "I know Jeff's got rather of a domineering disposition, but I don't believe but what she can manage him without meetin' him on his own ground, as you may say."

"She's a girl in a thousand," Westover returned, evasively.

"Then you think he's shown sense in choosin' of her?" pursued Jeff's mother, resolute to find some praise of him in Westover's words.

"He's a very fortunate man," said the painter.

"Well, I guess you're right," Mrs. Durgin acquiesced, as much to Jeff's advantage as she could. "You know I was always afraid he would make a fool of himself, but I guess he's kept his eyes pretty well open all the while. Well!" She closed the subject with this exclamation. "Him and Cynthy's been at me about Jackson," she added, abruptly. "They've cooked it up between 'em that he's out of health, or run down, or something."

Her manner referred the matter to Westover, and he said: "He isn't looking so well this summer. He ought to go away somewhere."

"That's what *they* thought," said Mrs. Durgin, smiling in her pleasure at having their opinion confirmed by the old and valued friend of the family. "Whereabouts do you think he'd best go?"

"Oh, I don't know. Italy—or Egypt—"

"I guess if you could get Jackson to go away at all, it would be to some of them old Bible countries," said Mrs. Durgin. "We've got to have a fight to get him off, make the best of it, and I've thought it over since the children spoke about it, and I couldn't seem to see Jackson willin' to go out to Californy or Colorady, to either of his brothers. But I guess he would go to Egypt. That a good climate for the—his complaint?"

She entered eagerly into the question, and Westover promised to write to a Boston doctor, whom he knew very well, and report Jackson's case to him, and get his views of Egypt.

"Tell him how it is," said Mrs. Durgin, "and the tussle we shall have to have anyway to make Jackson believe he'd ought to have a rest. He'll go to Egypt if he'll go anywheres, because his mind keeps runnin' on Bible questions, and it 'll interest him to go out there; and we can make him believe it's just to bange around for the winter. He's terrible hopeful." Now that she began to speak, all her long-repressed anxiety poured itself out, and she hitched her chair nearer to Westover and wistfully clutched his sleeve. "That's the worst of Jackson. You can't make him believe anything's the matter. Sometimes I can't bear to hear him go on about himself as if he was a well, young man. He expects that medium's stuff is goin' to cure him!"

"People sick in that way are always hopeful," said Westover.

"Oh, don't I know it! Ha'n't I seen my children and my husband— Oh, do ask that doctor to answer as quick as he can!"

XXVI.

Westover had a difficulty in congratulating Jeff which he could scarcely define to himself, but which was like that obscure resentment we feel towards people whom we think unequal to their good fortune. He was ashamed of his grudge, whatever it was, and this may have made him overdo his expressions of pleasure. He was sensible of a false cordiality in them, and he checked himself in a flow of forced sentiment to say, more honestly: "I wish you'd speak to Cynthia for me. You know how much I think of her, and how much I want to see her happy. You ought to be a very good fellow, Jeff!"

"I'll tell her that; she'll like that," said Jeff. "She thinks the world of you."

"Does she? Well!"

"And I guess she'll be glad you *sent* word. She's been wondering what she would say; she's always so afraid of you."

"Is she? *You're* not afraid of me, are you? But perhaps you don't think so much of me."

"I guess Cynthia and I think alike on that point," said Jeff, without abating Westover's discomfort.

There was a stress of sharp cold that year about the 20th of August. Then the weather turned warm again, and held fine till the beginning of October, within a week of the time when Jackson was to sail. It had not been so hard to make him consent when he knew where the doctor wished him to go, and he had willingly profited by Westover's suggestions about getting to Egypt. His interest in the matter, which he tried to hide at first under a mask of decorous indifference, mounted with the fire of Whitwell's enthusiasm, and they held nightly councils together, studying his course on the map, and consulting planchette upon the points at variance that rose between them, while Jombateeste sat with his chair tilted against the wall, and pulled steadily at his pipe, which mixed its strong fumes with the smell of the kerosene lamp and the perennial odor of potatoes in the cellar under the low room where the companions forgathered.

Towards the end of September Westover spent the night before he went back to town with them. After a season of planchette, their host pushed himself back with his knees from the table till his chair reared upon its

"'I AM SORRY A SON OF MINE,' SHE SAID, WITH DIGNITY, 'HAD TO BE TOLD HOW TO ACT WITH HIS MOTHER.'"

hind legs, and shoved his hat up from his forehead in token of a philosophic mood.

"I tell you, Jackson," he said, "you'd ought to get hold o' some them occult devils out there, and squeeze their science out of 'em. Any Buddhists in Egypt, Mr. Westover?"

"I don't think there are," said Westover. "Unless Jackson should come across some wandering Hindoo. Or he might push on, and come home by the way of India."

"Do it, Jackson!" his friend conjured him. "May cost you something more, but it 'll be worth the money. If it's true, what some them Blavetsky fellers claim, you can visit us here in your astral body—git in with 'em the right way. I should like to have you try it. What's the reason India wouldn't be as good for him as Egypt, anyway?" Whitwell demanded of Westover.

"I suppose the climate's rather too moist; the heat would be rather trying to him there."

"That so?"

"And he's taken his ticket for Alexandria," Westover pursued.

"Well, I guess that's so." Whitwell tilted his backward sloping hat to one side, so as to scratch the northeast corner of his head, thoughtfully.

"But as far as that is concerned," said Westover, "and the doctrine of immortality generally is concerned, Jackson will have his hands full if he studies the Egyptian monuments."

"What they got to do with it?"

"Everything. Egypt is the home of the belief in a future life; it was carried from Egypt to Greece. He might come home by way of Athens."

"Why, man!" cried Whitwell. "Do you mean to tell me that them old ancient Hebrew saints, Joseph's brethren, that went down into Egypt after corn, didn't know about immortality, and them Egyptian devils *did?*"

"There's very little proof in the Old Testament that the Israelites knew of it."

Whitwell looked over at Jackson. "That the idee *you* got?"

"I guess he's right," said Jackson. "There's something a little about it in Job, and something in the Psalms; but not a great deal."

"And we got it from them Egyptian d—"

"I don't say that," Westover interposed. "But they had it before we had. As we imagine it, we got it through Christianity."

Jombateeste, who had taken his pipe out of his mouth in a controversial manner, put it back again.

Westover added, "But there's no question but the Egyptians believed in the life hereafter, and in future rewards and punishments for the deeds done in the body, thousands of years before our era."

"Well, I'm dumned," said Whitwell.

Jombateeste took his pipe out again. "Hit show they got good sense. They know—they feel it in their bone,—what goin' 'appen,—when you dead. Me, I guess they got some prophet find it hout for them; then they goin' take the credit."

"I guess that's something so, Jombateeste," said Whitwell. "It don't stand to reason that folks without any alphabet, as you may say, and only a lot of pictures for words, like Injuns, could figure out the immortality of the soul. They got the idee by inspiration somehow. Why, here! It's like this. Them Pharaohs must have always been clawin' out for the Hebrews before they got a hold of Joseph, and when they found out the true doctrine, they hushed up where they got it, and their priests went on teachin' it as if it was their own."

"That's w'at I say. Got it from the 'Ebrew," said Jombateeste.

"Well, it don't matter a great deal where they got it, so they got it," said Jackson, as he rose.

"I believe I'll go with you," said Westover.

"All there is about it," said the sick man, solemnly, with a frail effort to straighten himself, to which his sunken chest would not respond, "is this. No man ever did figure that out for himself. A man sees folks die, and as far as his senses go, they don't live again. But somehow he knows they *do;* and his knowledge comes from somewhere else; it's inspired—"

"That's w'at I say," Jombateeste hastened to interpose. "Got it from the 'Ebrew. Feel it in 'is bone."

Out under the stars Jackson and Westover silently mounted the hill-side together. At one of the thank-you-marms in the road the sick man stopped, like a weary horse, to breathe. He took off his hat, and wiped the sweat of weakness that had gathered upon his forehead, and looked round the sky, powdered with the constellations and the planets. "It's sightly," he whispered.

"Yes, it *is* fine," Westover assented. "But the stars of our Northern nights are nothing to what you'll see in Egypt."

Jackson repeated vaguely: "Egypt! Where I *should* like to go is Mars." He fixed his eyes on the flaming planet, in a long stare. "But I suppose they have their own troubles, same as we do. They must get sick and die, like the rest of us. But I should like to know more about 'em. You believe it's inhabited, don't you?"

Westover's agnosticism did not, somehow, extend to Mars. "Yes, I've no doubt of it."

Jackson seemed pleased. "I've read everything I can lay my hands on about it. I've got a notion that if there's any choosin', after we get through here, I should like to go to Mars for a while, or as long as I was a little homesick still, and wanted to keep as near the earth as I could," he added, quaintly.

Westover laughed. "You could study up the subject of irrigation, there; they say that's what keeps the parallel markings green on Mars; and telegraph a few hints to your brother in Colorado, after the Martians perfect their signal code."

Perhaps the invalid's fancy flagged. He drew a long, ragged breath. "I don't know as I care to leave home, much. If it wa'n't a kind of duty, I shouldn't." He seemed impelled by a sudden need to say, "How do you think Jefferson and mother will make it out together?"

"I've no doubt they'll manage," said Westover.

"They're a good deal alike," Jackson suggested.

Westover preferred not to meet his overture. "You'll be back, you know, almost as soon as the season commences, next summer."

"Yes," Jackson assented, more cheerfully. "And now, Cynthy's sure to be here."

"Yes, she will be here," said Westover, not so cheerfully.

Jackson seemed to find the opening he was seeking, in Westover's tone. "What do you think of gettin' married, anyway, Mr. Westover?" he asked.

"We haven't either of us thought so well of it as to try it, Jackson," said the painter, jocosely.

"Think it's a kind of chance?"

"It's a chance."

Jackson was silent. Then, "I a'n't one of them," he said, abruptly, "that think a man's goin' to be made over by marryin' this woman or that. If he a'n't goin' to be the right kind of a man himself, he a'n't because his wife's a good woman. Sometimes I think that a man's wife is the last person in the world that can change his disposition. She can influence him about this and about that, but she can't change him. It seems as if he couldn't let her, if he tried, and after the first start-off, he don't try."

"That's true," Westover assented. "We're terribly inflexible. Nothing but something like a change of heart, as they used to call it, can make us different, and even then we're apt to go back to our old shape. When you look at it in that light, marriage seems impossible. Yet it takes place every day!"

"It's a great risk for a woman," said Jackson, putting on his hat and stirring for an onward movement. "But I presume that if the man is honest with her it's the best thing she can have. The great trouble is for the man to be honest with her."

"Honesty is difficult," said Westover.

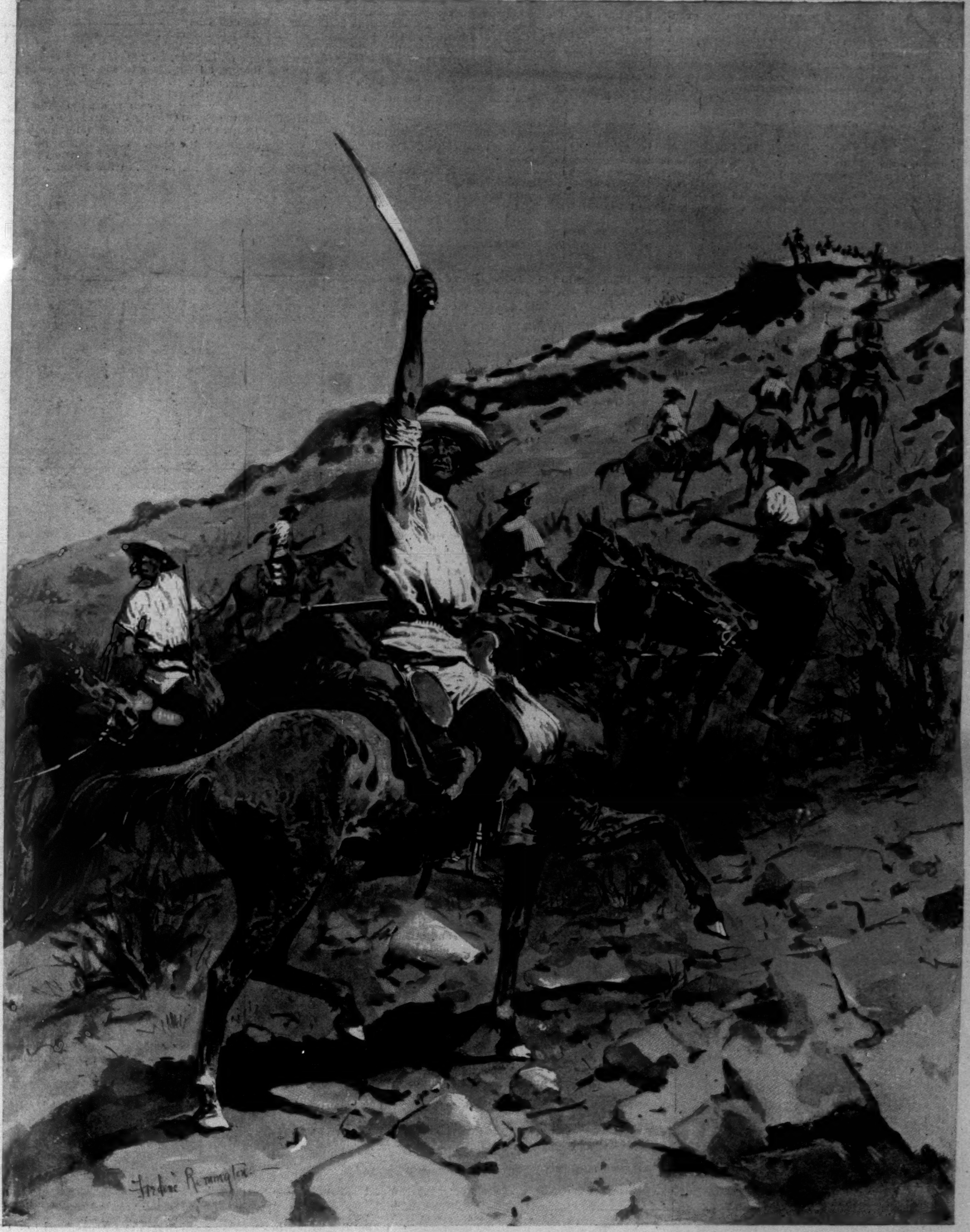
He made Jackson promise to spend a day with him in Boston, on his way to take the Mediterranean steamer at New York. When they met he yielded to an impulse which the invalid's forlornness inspired, and went on to see him off. He was glad that he did that, for though Jackson was not sad at parting, he was visibly touched by Westover's kindness.

Of course he talked away from it. "I guess I've left 'em in pretty good shape for the winter at Lion's Head," he said. "I've got Whitwell to agree to come up and live in the house with mother, and she'll have Cynthy with her, anyway; and Frank and Jombateeste can look after the hosses easy enough."

He had said something like this before, but Westover could see that it comforted him to repeat it, and he encouraged him to do so in full. He made him talk about getting home in the spring, after the frost was out of the ground, but he questioned involuntarily, while the sick man spoke, whether he might not then be lying under the sands that had never known a frost since the glacial epoch. When the last warning for visitors to go ashore came, Jackson said, with a wan smile, while he held Westover's hand, "I sha'n't forget this very soon."

"Write to me," said Westover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



UPRISING OF THE YAQUI INDIANS—YAQUI WARRIORS IN RETREAT.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

It seems from despatches that the Yaquis are again turbulent—this time being exceptional, since they have come north through Sonora to our borders in Arizona, and have even attacked the town of Nogales by storm. Our troops are now out in Arizona, and are trying to capture such of them as cross our borders, in order to do that justice to our Mexican neighbor which international law requires of one nation toward another. But it is one of the misdeeds of Mexico that this Yaqui question was never properly settled. There are ages of politics, of frightful armed inroads and reprisals, of coveted land in question, and much misunderstanding, in consequence, between the Yaquis and the Mexican government. The Yaquis were early Christianized, in the ordinary Spanish-mission sense, and they have been handled by priests adversely to various liberal governments in Mexico—notably in the French time. They possess lands rich and fertile on the Yaqui River. They have never been able to adjust their titles to modern Mexican political law, and have in consequence to fight the covetousness of the people who are within the law. The Mexican troops have been sent against them on many occasions, have fought pitched battles, and have been soundly thrashed; they have stormed adobe forts, captured kings—notably Cajami, who was killed while trying to escape, which has a sinister meaning in Mexico—but they have never subdued the Yaquis.

When the tides of battle ran against the Indians, they retreated before the troops up the Yaqui River to the desolate Sierra Madre, and from there could not be dislodged. When their lands were occupied, they sallied down and drove off the Mexicans in turn. They are a splendid people physically, industrious agriculturists, and when not at war form the best laborers in Sonora state. They work in the mines, and in Apache days were hired to convoy silver trains to the settlements, which they always did honestly, while they most successfully beat off the Apache raiders.

They were the laborers who built the Sonora Railroad, and with the money they earned they bought Winchester rifles, so that they are well armed in their encounters with the Mexican troops. They are fanatical and superstitious in their religion, and so consumed with hate toward the Mexican government that I doubt if peace can ever be made with them.

The Mexicans should be tired of trying to subdue them, it would seem, and the only solution of the problem is to conclude fair treaties with them and let Sonora enjoy peace—a thing that state has never known, what with Yaquis, Apaches, Ceris, and bandits both red and white.

Frederic Remington.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

The meeting in Madison Square Garden on the evening of August 18 was one of the most remarkable and impressive demonstrations in the sphere of national politics of which the city of New York has ever been the scene. It was a week, less one day, after the appearance of Mr. Bryan in what he calls "the enemy's country"—strange and ominous as that phrase must be, as applied by a citizen of the United States to any part of his own land. Moreover, it was distinctly a Democratic demonstration. It was held under the auspices of the "Democratic Honest-Money League of America." There were many Republicans, naturally, present at it, and a small part of these, not quite so naturally, assumed that the meeting was a sign of conversion, and even a recantation. This erroneous assumption was made evident in the repeated attempts to cheer Mr. McKinley on the part of the misguided minority. The misguided minority overlooked the fact that the significance of the demonstration was that it was a demonstration of Democrats, who found in it and hailed in it the first real opportunity they had had to file notice that, though they were loyal and patriotic Americans, they still believed in their party, and, because they were Democrats, revolted at the conduct of the men who had stolen the livery of Democracy in which to serve Populism. If anybody had doubted this before, he could not have doubted it after hearing the applause that greeted every allusion of the presiding officer, Mr. Perry Belmont, to the assumed "regularity" of his hearers. Still less would it have been open to doubt if such a sceptic had heard the general and enthusiastic and pointed response of the audience to the salutatory sentence of the orator of the occasion, Mr. Bourke Cockran, when he addressed his hearers as "Fellow-Democrats all."

The contrast between this meeting and the Bryan meeting in the same place six days before was very singular and very striking. Manifestly, at the Bryan meeting the majority of the audience had come prepared to be entertained, and not unwilling to be convinced. It had distinctly failed to be convinced, or even to be impressed, and still more manifestly it had failed to be entertained. As the days had passed, and as the public of New York had taken in what the programme of Chicago, as interpreted by the candidate of Chicago, really meant, there had come a rising "rage and mutiny" on the part of those who had been thus misrepresented, and an eager desire to protest against the misrepresentation. With singular good fortune or sagacity, the authorities in charge of the meeting—the Democratic Sound-Money League—had provided the inarticulate masses with an appropriate medium of expression. They had not only draped the whole vast interior with the national colors, but they had had the forethought to provide for every one of the ten thousand seats its own miniature American flag. The audience, when it assembled, was not at all slow to take this happy suggestion. Those who composed it grasped their flags and waved them with vigor, by way of applause. It was as if they had said that the queer talk of Bryan was something outlandish, newfangled, and irrelevant. The strange preaching of repudiation, the audience seemed to say, might properly be accompanied by the waving of red flags, but could not refer to the "star-spangled banner." The "Star-spangled Banner," indeed, meaning this time the national anthem of that name, was given out by a band and by a chorus of some sixty voices at the end of the less formal acclamation of the orator of the occasion. For this also the management had prepared by distributing leaflets containing the words of the song with the little printed flags, and of this text the audience had availed itself. There was therefore a very particular fitness in the opening words of Mr. Cockran's speech—"With the strains of that national song still ringing in our ears, who can doubt the issue of this campaign?"

The speech itself was a most interesting, instructive, and intelligible exposition. This is very high praise for its maker, seeing that an explanation of the nature and function of money is a topic than which it would not be easy to submit to a popular speaker one less susceptible of being made to interest a promiscuous audience. This feat Mr. Cockran very successfully performed. As to the manner of his address, a great part of his hearers had still in mind the dreariness of Mr. Bryan's exposition of the same subject, and the hearty applause which punctuated the oration showed, among other things, how keenly the contrast was relished. Mr. Cockran's speech was as much more hearable than Mr. Bryan's as it is more readable, and the contrast between the speakers, in everything that goes to constitute oratorical power, was one that it would be not only invidious, but, to the Populist candidate, downright inhuman to press. But yet the main demonstration of the meeting was that New York has not been in the least infected with the delusion with the bacillus of which Mr. Bryan came East to inoculate it. Upon that point nobody who heard either Mr. Bryan's speech or Mr. Cockran's, and certainly nobody who heard both, can entertain the slightest doubt.

MUSIC AT OCEAN GROVE.

Although to the carnal man Ocean Grove may not be one of the most attractive of sea-side resorts, to the reflective man it cannot fail to be one of the most interesting. And the interest which in such a man it must inspire is quite independent of his sympathy with the manner in which it is conducted. This is of a Spartan, or, more properly, of a Puritanic, severity; for not only is the prohibition of intoxicating liquids absolute, but one must cross or circumvent the so-called "lake" in order to buy tobacco. What makes the peculiar charm of the place is the suggestion at all points in it—one must not say of one of the cardinal doctrines, but one cannot help seeing and saying of one of the most prevailing sentiments of Methodism, the sentiment that we have here no "continuing city." It is on that sentiment, apparently, that the itinerary of the Methodist ministry is founded. It is equally in that sentiment that the "camp-meeting" finds its justification. The building even of the more secular resorts of the New Jersey coast rather strongly impresses the lesson of the transiency of earthly habitations. It has been said that the sea-shore of that commonwealth is divided between the devotees of the Old and the New Jerusalem. Certainly permanency is not the characteristic aspect of either class of summer settlements. The common building of Ocean Grove, the clapboarded cottage or the equally flimsy hotel, has a sufficiently temporary and provincial look. But the air of transiency, and the suggestion in the place of a camp-meeting, are greatly heightened by the rows of tents that one sees in several of the thoroughfares leading to the sea, and not destroyed by the evidence that these tents are merely the porticos of clapboarded cabins, as little likely to resist storm and fire as their neighbors.

Among the buildings that seem rather to have been "pitched" than to have been built, however, is one that is extremely noteworthy. This is the Auditorium, that was completed two years ago, and that was the scene, last year and this year, of surprisingly interesting and successful music festivals under the conduct of Mr. Walter Damrosch. The Auditorium has exteriorly the same aspect of temporariness that belongs to the cottages of Ocean Grove, from which it is distinguishable rather by its enormous size than by any attempt at a monumental or even a permanent aspect. But within, it is very well calculated to startle a New-Yorker. He must recognize that his own city does not contain a hall that is anything like so well adapted to the presentation of great musical works to vast audiences—that is to say, that is so well fitted for music festivals. Last year and this year, as we have said, it has been employed for this purpose. It is a noble, spacious place, planned and built so that nearly or quite ten thousand people can see and hear in it, and last year that number was actually assembled.

This year, in the week ending August 15, the extreme heat acted to some extent as a deterrent, but yet the vast hall was fairly filled on all three nights of the festival, which were devoted respectively to Haydn's *Creation*, an orchestral concert, and Handel's *Messiah*. The presentation of the last-named work, on Friday, must have drawn some eight thousand people, who of themselves constituted an attractive spectacle. The performance was, upon the whole, worthy of so great an audience—an audience, moreover, to the greater part of which the summer by the shore, and not the winter in town, affords the opportunity of hearing the masterpieces of music worthily presented. There is a special fitness in the production, among such surroundings, of Handel's masterpiece, and the performance of the *Messiah* was, upon the whole, eminently successful. It was most successful in the effects of mass. The orchestra was as competent, considering its musical strength, as could be asked for, and the chorus did not lack even in numerical strength. It must have numbered some 400, who were singing together at the festival for the first time, a third or so of them having been brought down from the city, and the remainder being amateurs who had undergone their drilling and rehearsals at Ocean Grove. The effect of the preparations, both to the eye and to the ear, was such as nobody who experienced it can fail to remember with pleasure and gratitude.

ANTEROOM OF A NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

There are two grades of callers at the national headquarters of the leading political parties in the United States that come around every four years with absolute regularity. They are the men who are wanted and the men who are not wanted. The men who are wanted soon get beyond the outer chambers and quickly depart; the men who are not wanted linger hour by hour at the threshold, and day after day there they stay. A business man would dismiss them at once. A political manager dares not send them off, and therefore tolerates them.

The silver agitation has brought some new faces among the non-desirable men at the national Republican headquarters in New York city, but the motive for the call is the same as that of the old-timers—a desire to share in the campaign funds. Early in the campaign the men arrive who have noise-making devices, campaign hats, uniforms, torches, buttons, badges, banners, and other paraphernalia to sell. If they cannot sell the goods by the million directly, they want at least an endorsement. All have to be seen in due time, and all, in the slang parlance of the surroundings, must be "jollied."

Then come the men with suggestions (for money, of course) as to campaign methods; men who want printing, advertising, or other contracts; men who have secrets to dispose of; men who must be seen, or the great and patriotic cause will be lost hopelessly. After them come the women, who are sure they will be worth their weight in gold (silver at Popocratic headquarters); women who can arouse great enthusiasm in social and religious circles; women who know they can make votes by the thousands in the tenement districts by the taking way they have of kissing the babies and praising the mothers. Then come the men with campaign songs and marches, guaranteed to sweep any candidate into office; and after them come the aspiring but useless orators, with specimen type-written speeches already prepared, and a willingness to rehearse them then and there. Then follow the unfortunate citizens, worthy men, who seek employment, and can tell when they were of real service to the party.

Toward the close of the campaign come the agitators, who, for a consideration, can deliver the votes of this and that grade of working-men throughout the entire country. The emissaries of secret organizations steal in and ask for a whispered talk. Self-appointed leaders of this or that race come to the front to make deals for the Scandinavian, Irish, German, Slav, Arabic, negro, and what not vote. Some of these men need to be "seen"; most of them get the cold shoulder nowadays. Meantime the real hard work of the campaign goes on in spite of these callers.

One is surprised at the apparent accessibility of the campaign managers. Callers at Republican headquarters in New York may wander at will about the halls and antechambers of the various managers. Nine-tenths of them, at this time of year, insist on seeing Chairman Hanna. When he was conducting McKinley's nomination campaign he wrote thousands of letters. Every one of those letters seems to have been preserved, and the possessors regard them as the "open sesame" to Mr. Hanna's presence. They have come home to plague him. It requires great tact, truly, to deal with the unwelcome callers at a national political headquarters in this country.

F. M.

NICHOLLS CROUCH.

Professor Frederick William Nicholls Crouch, the author and composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died suddenly in Portland, Maine, August 18. He was in his eighty-ninth year, having been born in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, London, July 31, 1808. His taste for music was inherited from his father (a composer of instrumental music, and a leading violoncellist of the Royal Italian Opera), and developed at an early age. When only nine years old young Crouch was playing bass in the orchestra of the Royal Coburg Theatre. He subsequently played in other theatrical orchestras, and a few years later went to sea before the mast. His seafaring life was but of short duration, and at the age of fourteen he was admitted, purely on his merits, to the Royal Academy of

Music, newly established by King George IV. and a body of British noblemen. Upon graduating he was appointed violoncellist of the Drury Lane Theatre orchestra, and soon became its conductor. While still at the Academy he had frequently been summoned to perform at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor Castle, and so highly was his talent appreciated by royalty that he was ordered to attend the coronation of William IV. and Adelaide. Thus his fame as a musician and his favor at court gave him the opportunity of cultivating intimate social relations with the leading writers, artists, and actors of the period. Soon after King William's accession to the throne Crouch was appointed a gentleman of Queen Adelaide's household orchestra.

A few years later he began the compositions which have brought him fame, and which now number some two thousand. His first songs were "Zephyrs of Love," written for Miss Annie Tree, and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for Madame Malibran, rapidly followed by "Would I were with Thee," "Sing to Me, Nora," "Barney Avourneen," and, on the banks of the Tamar, in Devonshire, fifty-seven years ago, the world-renowned ballad of "Kathleen Mavourneen." This beautiful song was founded on a story written by Mrs. Crawford, whose autobiography was then appearing in Captain Marryat's *Metropolitan Magazine*. The success of the ballad was spontaneous, and its fame has been lasting.

In 1849, having suffered business reverses in England, Crouch listened to the persuasions of his friend Maretzek and came to live in the United States. For the music-loving public of Portland, Maine, he produced the *Stabat Mater*; in Philadelphia he gave *Joseph and his Brethren*; in Washington he conducted the choir of St. Matthew's Church, and in Richmond he was a musical assistant at St. Paul's. As a member of the Richmond Howitzers, he wore the gray for four years in the Army of Northern Virginia. Crouch was one of the founders of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, and he was an honorary member of the Royal Society.

THE ANNUAL COACHING PARADE AT NEWPORT.

Twenty-one years ago, at the first meet of the Coaching Club in Madison Square, six coaches were assembled. "Tallyhos," they were then called, a name given to them because the first coach brought to this country was named the "Tallyho." The Coaching Club was organized by Colonel William Jay, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and seven other gentlemen.

Interest in coaching was at first confined to a few enthusiasts; but in spite of the usually bad condition and insufficient number of the common roads, it has steadily increased, until now so many coaches are owned in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia that the annual meets and parades in Central Park and at Newport have come to be regarded as conspicuous social events. That this interest is not confined to those actively engaged in the sport is evident from the large crowds of enthusiastic spectators. In Newport the character of the crowd is quite different from what it is in New York. In the city the society element is practically confined to those who occupy the coaches, but at Newport smaller traps throng the streets on the line of the parade, and among those on the sidewalks hats are lifted and bows are exchanged.

Many of the coaches that have been seen at the New York meet, which usually takes place late in May, are conspicuous features of the Newport parade. The lead is generally taken by the president of the Coaching Club, but, in the absence of Colonel William Jay, the parade this year, on August 22, was led by Prescott Lawrence, the veteran whip.

The influence of coaching has led to a gradual improvement in the condition of our common roads, especially in the neighborhood of the larger cities—an improvement that is slow, and in many cases unsatisfactory, yet is almost entirely due to the efforts of those who use the roads for pleasure. Of course the influence of the bicycle has already been felt, and the time undoubtedly will come when, instead of being seen in showy parades, the coach will be able to leave the beaten paths and penetrate into the country where it would now be dangerous to drive. As communication and commercial transportation have suffered from the need for better roads, so has coaching suffered. Amateur whips have been obliged to confine their drives within comparatively narrow limits.

No better appointed coaches are to be found, even in the home of coaching, England, than are seen in the annual Newport parade. The colors, the green archway of the trees, and the gayly dressed crowds present a brilliant picture.

The majority of the coaches are built in America. In point of workmanship they are far superior to those made in England. But while our runabouts, buggies, and road-wagons are made lighter than any others in the world, the American coach is much heavier and stronger than the English, and is exceeded in weight only by those that are made in France.

The parade at Newport is one of the events of the season, and every coach-owner strives to turn out the smartest trap. The result is that a competition is established, and although no prize is awarded, as at the National Horse Show, the interest is practically the same.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

THE Congo Free State owes its existence to the good-will of the powers. It is practically a company with an international charter and the King of Belgium for its managing director. The state, of recent years, has made determined efforts to monopolize the trade in its territory. Private companies are refused concessions and heavily taxed. A company that pays to the state only ten per cent. of its capital each year may consider itself fortunate. The territory of the state is divided into districts, and over each district a Belgian officer is placed in charge. He works by commission. He is guaranteed ten per cent. on whatever ivory and rubber he can collect, and a premium based on the size of such coffee bushes as he can plant and rear. There is no need to go into the details of the operation of this abominable system. A native savage with ivory in his possession is a tempting mark for a man with a commission to earn. The creepers from which the rubber juice is extracted, which hang down from the trees, sometimes 120 feet in length, the growth of hundreds of years, are pulled down in an instant for the sake of a few extra dollars. The coffee bushes, once at their full height, are left to wither away. No profit is to be made out of cultivating them, so long as the premium is paid only for an increase in the size of each plant. The crimes of these Belgian and German traders do not stop there. Murders, wholesale slaughter even, the wiping out of whole settlements, and cattle-lifting are what the natives have learned to expect at their hands.

At the end of 1894 a certain Major Lothaire, a shrewd, businesslike Belgian officer in the employ of the Congo State, was in charge of the district known as *La Zone Arabe*.

It is a large tract of land, including the whole of the territories east and south of the Stanley Falls, and extending as far as Lake Tanganyika. Major Lothaire was anxious to extend his power over the country lying between the Stanley Falls and Lake Albert. There lies the almost trackless forest which Mr. Stanley was the first and only explorer to penetrate. The expedition was organized, and started in several sections from different points. Under Major Lothaire were Lieutenant Brecks, Dr. Michaux, a non-commissioned officer, and 190 native soldiers. From the Falls the whole of their journey lay through the forest. The road was composed of the trunks of fallen trees, with gaps of treacherous undergrowth. Donkeys and other animals had to be abandoned; even the goats were only dragged along with the utmost difficulty. Eventually the force reached Kibonge's village, on the Lindi River. One of his head men came out and offered to deliver Kibonge into Lothaire's hands. The offer was accepted. It had long been suspected that Kibonge was the man who had plotted and planned Emin Pasha's death. As Emin had caused some of his relatives to be thrown to the crocodiles on their refusal to sell him ivory, the suspicion was not unnatural. Under Lothaire's pressing questions he admitted his guilt, and was hanged without delay. His hut was entered and his papers searched. Among them was a letter from a man named Stokes offering to lead Kibonge to the east coast in return for a certain amount of ivory. Lothaire inquired who this Stokes was.

It turned out that Stokes was an Englishman, a missionary who had turned trader. He was immensely respected by the natives. He was honorable in his dealings with them; his ivory was bought in the open market; he was guiltless of any act of treachery or plunder. Between Tabora and Lake Victoria Nyanza, through the whole of Unyamwezi and Usikuma, he was the real paramount ruler. His sway was absolute; he settled disputes between rival chiefs; he abolished those petty exactions which missionaries and traders had been forced to submit to; he created a right of passage through this immense area of Africa. Where was he, asked Lothaire. He was in the neighborhood, at Mowambi, on the Kuri River. His caravan was farther away. The trading season was over, and he was returning with his ivory to the British frontier. He had left his caravan at Kampweni, two days' march from British territory. How much ivory? Well, he had probably 1000 loads, or 80,000 pounds. It was worth perhaps $200,000, perhaps less. Lothaire pricked up his ears. He despatched a lieutenant to Mowambi with a warrant for Stokes's arrest. The warrant was written in French, Lothaire being ignorant of a word of English. In six or seven days the lieutenant returned to the camp with Stokes. On January 14, 1895, immediately upon his arrival, Lothaire informed Stokes—Dr. Michaux acting as interpreter—that he would be charged with having sold guns and powder to the Arabs. On the following day he was brought up before the court martial.

The court consisted of Lothaire alone. No other officer was present. The tribunal, of course, was absolutely illegal; every step it took was a separate outrage on the law. Lothaire tried him, judged him, and sentenced him to death. With the exception of Dr. Michaux, no other white man was in the camp. A few Arabs only were called as witnesses. Stokes was dumfounded by the sentence; he claimed the right to appeal to Boma, the capital of the state. It was refused. Dr. Michaux in vain tried to dissuade Lothaire from doing a man to death in cold blood. He begged at least for a reprieve of a few days, but Lothaire would listen to no delay. On the following morning he was hanged like a dog, and buried like one. When Dr. Michaux woke up he found a grave at the foot of the gallows. There is nothing to show that he was dead when they buried him, or to prove that he was not tortured before execution. His caravan, consisting of about 1000 men, was captured, and the ivory confiscated with it. Lothaire probably cleared $20,000 out of the business.

News of the murder reached London in August. The Belgian government paid $30,000 to Stokes's family, "in recognition of the irregular manner in which Stokes met his death." Lord Salisbury insisted on Lothaire being brought to justice. He was tried at Boma, and acquitted. An appeal was demanded. He was tried a second time at Brussels, a few days ago, and was again acquitted. If Belgian notions of justice find favor, the lives of white men in Central Africa will soon be at the mercy of every lawless ruffian who happens to wear a uniform.

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THE ANNUAL COACHING PARADE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND—THE START FROM NARRAGANSETT AVENUE, AUGUST 22.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 858.]

AMATEUR SPORT

THE DECADENCE OF SUMMER-RESORT BASEBALL is the happiest feature of the current season. The "summer nine," as we once knew it, with all its vitiating machinery, is passing, and the quality of play shown by the few lingering renegade teams has fallen considerably below the standard once maintained. This is to be attributed to the very general and pronounced revulsion of sentiment against these corrupters of athletic morals. "Managers" have been put to their wits' end and to all manner of cunning device to gather the usual "all-star aggregation," as the favorite advertisement runs, or indeed to put forth an "aggregation" with even a single star of first magnitude.

Not a first-class player from the larger universities, who expects to return next term, is, so far as I have been able to learn, playing on a resort team. Very few men of any class have played on any kind of "summer nine," and those few will be disciplined, except by Brown and some of the other New England colleges that as yet have not legislated against this evil. Brown will never give convincing evidence of its good intentions in amateur sport until it takes some official notice of its undergraduates who during vacation play ball for "board and lodging," or cash, or its equivalent. Henceforth this Department will exclude from its discussion of amateur teams all men that have been of the "summer-nine" ranks.

ONE OF THE MOST FLAGRANT OFFENDERS among the resort nines is that at Asbury Park, on which, by-the-way, we have regretted to see Gunster and Titus, even though they do not intend returning to Princeton. "Founder" Bradley, who keeps the secular press out of his village on Sunday lest the morals of the residents be contaminated, never offers an objection to the rampant dishonesty of this baseball nine which calls itself amateur while deliberately and secretly breaking the amateur rules! Mr. Bradley might treat us to some practical Christianity by cleaning up the morals of this baseball nine.

Meanwhile, too, the Amateur Athletic Union remains inactive with this nine and others paying their players. The A. A. U. should join with the colleges and black-list every athlete who plays on a nine which remunerates one way or another any one of its members. But what may one expect at a distance when under the very noses of the A. A. U. officials are the Orange A. C. and the Oritani A. C., contemptuously ignoring the governing body and its printed rules! Speaking of New Jersey clubs calls to mind a statement sent me by an Englewood Field Club official, which says that "principle" and not "poverty" led "the club to abandon the custom of employing outside players." He says they found that the practice changed the spirit and complexion of the nine, and eventually deadened the interest of the spectators.

TURNING TO THE CENTRE of Western sport, we find there also unmistakable evidences of a revolt by sportsmen and all self-respecting people against duplicity in athletics. The summer nine has passed the zenith of its popularity, and entered upon the course which leads finally to dissolution. Wholesome people from end to end of this great country, in fact, have turned against unclean sport; they have wearied of "muckerish" scenes on the playground, and grown disgusted with colleges and men that distort with dishonesty the sport of their summer holidays.

THE MOST PROMINENT of Western organizations for summer ball-playing is the All University team; and this, too, bears witness to the vanishing appetite of worthy college athletes for summer-nine association. At the opening of the season, Nichols, ex-pitcher of Chicago University, and captain, manager, pitcher, etc., of the All University team, announced the engagement of several outside college men, among them Letton and Jerrams of Yale. Letton wired me he would not play, and recently a letter came from Letton that he had no intention of becoming one of Mr. Nichols's galaxy of baseball lights. Others counted upon at the beginning of the season have failed to materialize, either from parental restraint or their own good grounding in the ethics of amateur sport; and thus the All University team has now resolved itself into the old University of Chicago summer nine. It is doubtful if, on the contemplated tour of resorts, the name of a single Eastern college man will be secured to give it prestige. In a game with Oak Parks recently the nine comprised Nichols, Jones, Winston, H. Clarke, Sawyer, G. Clarke, Brown, Herring, and Pike; —this is University of Chicago stock to a man.

COMMODORE BROWN'S SCHOONER CUP, WON BY "EMERALD."
Designed by Black, Starr, & Frost.

WE ARE GLAD TO BE ASSURED by Mr. Nichols, through the news columns of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, which seems determined on attaining notoriety as the Western champion of unwholesome sport, that none of his team is paid a salary for playing. The assurance was unnecessary if comforting. Our respect for Mr. Nichols's good husbandry would have saved us the error of thinking that, in a venture of such dimensions and mutability as this All University star tour, he would be so rash as to share the fruits of his thrift of last season's play at Evansville, Edgerton, Jefferson, Stoughton, and elsewhere, with his less provident or less skilful confrères.

The question of dollars being agitated, however, suggests a query as to the disposal of the gate-money incident to the All University games. We are aware, of course, that with such semi-professional teams as the Edgars, Whitings, even the fashionable Oak Parks, with Andrews, Adams, O'Connor, and Gertenrich—ex-members of the Whitings—not to mention Sickles, who made a remunerative tour through some of the same little towns in which Mr. Nichols himself toiled last summer, and here in the East with such nines as Atlantic City, Cape May, Asbury Park, Oritani, and Orange A.C.—the custom is to use the gate-money to pay some of the players.

But as Mr. Nichols tells us no one on the Chicago University summer nine, which is the more accurate description, is being paid, it will be rather interesting to learn to what athletic fund of the Chicago University this money is being given.

We really should like enlightenment from the proper Chicago University authorities on this subject, for at present it looks to us as if the summer nine of this great university were being literally supported by their ball-playing, and playing in some very questionable company.

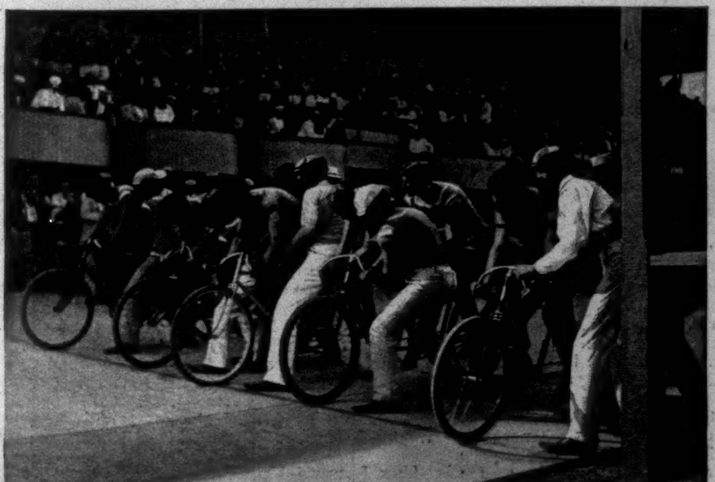
COMMODORE BROWN'S SLOOP CUP, WON BY "WASP."
Designed by Black, Starr, & Frost.

IT IS WITH GENUINE REGRET we note the entering wedge of professionalism in the Bankers' Athletic Club, through its employment of Dillon, a professional pitcher, formerly of the New England League. And this club began life so short a time ago, and with such avowed purpose of keeping its teams amateur! I suppose the plea will be because others do it, they must also to be in the game. Heaven send us some men in amateur sport who have individuality and sufficient strength of character to stand by a sound principle, even though it entail a fight to the bitter end!

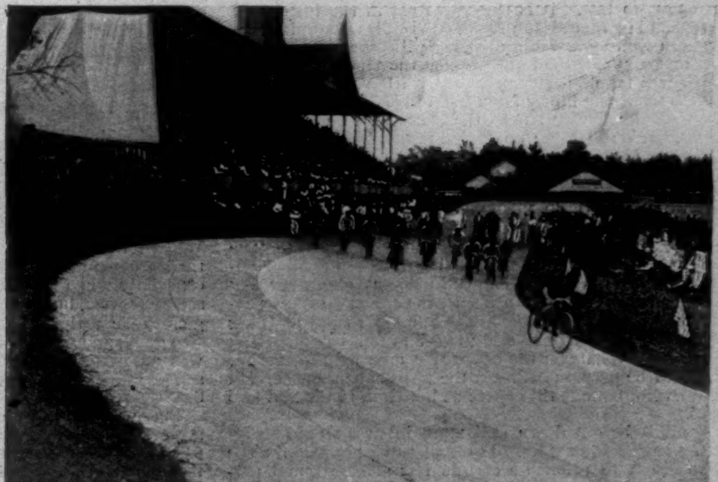
THE BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIPS at Louisville, August 13–15, failed to attract the great number of spectators for whose attendance arrangements had been made. The crowd did not approach that at Asbury Park last year, and was several thousand less than at Denver in '94 and Chicago in '93. But that was no drawback to the racing, which was good at all times. Not before has a race-meet furnished so many close struggles at the tape, nor did judges have ever more perplexing finishes for decision. The management of the meet left literally nothing to be desired. Mr. George D. Gideon was an exceptionally discerning referee, and the starter discharged his duties promptly and fairly despite some trying situations. There was much foul riding in the 5-mile national championship, and Cooper and Bald, the professionals, were both disqualified. The pacing in this event was also very bad, and this, together with other experiences in the three days, once again disclosed the banefulness of pace-making. The track was proved to be fast; indeed the Fountain Ferry track, of cement, is one of the fastest in existence. There was only one new record made, and that the professional single paced mile placed at 2.01 by Gardiner; ⅘ better than Bald's record. Generally speaking, however, the times throughout were excellent, and with few exceptions better than those at Asbury Park last year.

THE PEACE-OF-MIND-DISTURBING feature of the meet was the spectacle of amateurs and professionals competing in the same race for national honors. Viewed ethically, it is most extraordinarily warped legislation that permits amateurs and professionals to meet in a single event. Can a possible excuse for such toleration be found in the fear of offending manufacturers? If so, defend us from such halting legislators! Viewed from a sporting stand-point, it is entirely unfair to the amateur, who rides for sport and with comparative infrequency, to open the national championships to the professional who rides as a business, for money, and all the time.

The proof of the unfairness of it was demonstrated at Louisville. Not an amateur secured a place in any one of the national championships. Of course they were not so fast. Naturally, men who ride as a means of livelihood must be fast to find employment. But do we want our national championships in the hands of professionals? If the L. A. W. must control professional racing, and I believe their doing so answers for its cleanliness, and is therefore desirable, by all means keep them in their



FIRST HEAT OF ONE-MILE TANDEM RACE IN THE NATIONAL BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT LOUISVILLE.



START OF ONE-MILE RACE IN THE NATIONAL BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT LOUISVILLE.
Parsons, the Australian Champion, as Pace-maker, August 15.

class, and give us National championships open only to amateurs.

The cleverest amateur racer probably was C. C. Ingraham, of Dixon—he won the 2-mile handicap, 4.54⅗; ½-mile, 1.15; and 1-mile, 2.24, besides taking third in the ⅔-mile event, and second in the 1-mile handicap. Another about as good was Karl Thome, of Louisville, who won the ¼-mile, .36⅖. ⅓-mile, 1.25⅗; took second in the 1-mile State championship, third in the 2-mile handicap, and second in the ⅔-mile. The other amateur winners were Charles R. McCarthy, of St. Louis, who won the 1-mile novice, 2 37⅕, and the 1-mile (2.30 class) in 2.16; E. D. Fitchner, Louisville, the 1-mile State championship, 2.25; the ⅔-mile, 1.34⅕; the 5-mile State, 12.50, and second in the 2-mile State; W. Peabody, Chicago, the 2-mile, 5.04; J. J. Howard, St. Louis, the 1-mile handicap, 2.14⅗, and third in the 1-mile; W. H. Setton, Louisville, the 2-mile State, 5.01⅗, and second in the 2-mile and ½-mile. H. W. Middendorff, Louisville; P. J. Bornwasser, Louisville; V. E. Dupre, Louisville; W. E. Lum, Montgomery; E. D. McKeon, Greenville, Ohio; and Stuart Leathers, Louisville—were the only other amateurs that figured in the results.

The action of the University of Michigan faculty or Board of Control in expelling Holmes, Bloomingston, and Lowney from college athletics was so praiseworthy as to be entitled to especial commendation. To discipline three of their cleverest baseball-players on the eve of an important game shows unmistakably that the Michigan faculty is determined on having sport for its own sake, and not for the sake of mere winning. Nothing so wholesome ever happened the athletics of Michigan University or the middle West. Holmes's tolerance on an amateur nine was disgraceful; Bloomingston was proclaimed a professional in this Department long ago; and Lowney came from Brown, and was of the same type. The following resolution of the Board of Control speaks for itself:

Whereas, Mr. Bloomingston and Mr. Lowney have appeared before the Board of Control and admitted that they played baseball at Flint last Friday for compensation, and last Sunday played ball at Saginaw for compensation, and did this without permission of the Board of Control or any member thereof, and played under assumed names,

Resolved, That Mr. Bloomingston and Mr. Lowney be prohibited from participating in college athletics in the University of Michigan.

Holmes refused to appear before the Board, and was summarily expelled. Not the least wholesome feature of this action was its immediate and complete endorsement by the undergraduates. They probably would not have done so a year ago. And thus another victory for clean sport is recorded!

The National tennis doubles championship at Newport resulted in a fairly earned victory of the Neel brothers over Wrenn and Chace, the erstwhile champions. The somewhat remarkable score of 6–3, 1–6, 6–1, 3–6, 6–1 tells the story of the contest in brief, and more to the point than the most elaborate description. Last year Wrenn and Chace won the championship from Hovey and Hobart by the superiority and persistency of their lobbing. This year they employed the same tactics, but their skill was not so great, their opponents not so easily discomposed, and one of them at least could use the lob as effectively as they. The very first set attested the decreased accuracy of Wrenn and Chace's lobbing, the ball time and again falling short to give the Neels the opportunity of killing it on the return. In the second set the Neels fell off somewhat, and the splendid work of Wrenn and Chace in covering their court allowed the Westerners but a single game. The third set, however, found the Neels steadily at work, returning lobs unfailingly, and placing from the net with consummate skill. They won the first game after deuce had been called three times, and losing the second, proceeded forthwith to take five straight.

Wrenn and Chace showed their best work of the match in the fourth set. Their lobs landed close to the back line, and they ran to the net more frequently than at any other time during the five sets. There was more aggression in their play, and Wrenn worked his trick of lobbing high, followed by a rush to the net, so successfully that the Neels secured but three games, and the score stood two sets all.

But the careful, steady work of the Neels counted in the deciding set. They handled their opponents' lobs, now grown short again, beautifully, and Carr Neel was invincible at the net. In the first game Wrenn and Chace reached thirty; in the third, fifteen; but all the others were love.

Although Wrenn and Chace did not show up to their best play, it is quite problematical whether even at top form they could have won. The Neels are a very steady, cautious team, taking quick advantage of every weakness of their opponents, and playing for all they are worth from first to last. It is the first time in the history of American lawn-tennis the National doubles championship has been won by a Western pair, and if the Neels in the coming year show the improvement they have in the past one, it will take a better pair than we have to-day in the East to wrest the honor from them in '97.

The detailed score shows the Neels won on passes, 54; on out, 53; on nets, 28; on double faults, 4—a total of 139. Wrenn and Chace won on passes, 33; on outs, 37; on nets, 41; on double faults, 3—a total of 114.

If golf is indeed responsible for the much-needed weeding of this year's national tournament, then lawn-tennis devotees should be profoundly grateful to "ye ancient and honorable game." There were fifty-odd entries this year, as against eighty in '95 and about seventy the preceding year. As a result, the first two days sufficed to sift out the "impossibles," and on Friday morning we saw the most interesting third round yet played at Newport. Whatever the cause that lessened the entries, it should be perpetuated, and the tournament henceforth kept within bounds that spare us boredom in the first two days.

Could it be cut down still more, interest would be increased proportionately. It ought to be possible for the Association to publish a certain fair standard, and permit no entries in the national events from men who had not attained it at one of the several important fixtures of the year. There can be no doubt of the greater interest in concentrated effort. The chief fault of this annual national event has always been its lack of action, until the last couple of rounds, and its length. It has been tiresome; it is and will continue to be, stretched as it is beyond the week, without need. If there were but thirty-five entries, and the tournament ended Saturday, interest would be much keener. But then the tournament has been a kind of side-show to the Casino, billed to furnish an agreeable morning rendezvous for Newport society for a certain number of days, and therefore the championship match must be carried over into the next week. It has seemed to me that the interests of lawn-tennis could be served best by serving the pleasure of the Casino habitués less.

The first round was notable only in recording the very narrow escape R. D. Wrenn had from being put out of the tournament. He had been exhausted by the double match in the morning, and when he met N. P. Hallowell in the afternoon, was utterly unable to play even good tennis. Hallowell, who is hardly of the second class, won the first two sets before he realized he was on the way to defeating a crippled champion, a victory he was too good a sportsman to desire. Rain finally ended the struggle in the third set, with Wrenn leading, and the next morning, in condition, he of course won out handily. Another interesting struggle of the first round was between Davis, a new man of promise from St. Louis, and Davidson, the Southern player, which the Western man won in straight sets.

The hardest fought match of the second day was between Ward of Orange and Lieutenant Davis of West Point, who has shown so well all this season; five sets were necessary before Ward won, with a score of 2–6, 8–6, 4–6, 6–4, 6–2. The only other match in this round at all exciting was between Sheldon and Neely, won by the former, 4–6, 6–2, 6–4, 6–2.

Interest really began with the second round, which, among others, brought Sheldon and Ware together for the best exhibition of tennis in that day. Ware, who is now at Harvard, won the Interscholastic championship last year, the runner-up being Sheldon, who is now at Yale, and has not since met Ware. A general impression prevailed that Ware would repeat his victory of a year ago, but Sheldon was capable of a stronger game than in '95. It is seldom so comparatively new a player shows such brilliant work as Sheldon did at Newport this year. His match with Ware revealed a skill in volleying and smashing from the net that, if carried out to greater steadiness, will put him well up in the first class before he is another year older. Ware played cautiously and with great skill, especially in passing Sheldon for a place down the side lines, but his opponent's net-work was too much for him, and Sheldon won finally after a punishing contest, 6–1, 6–8, 6–4, 3–6, 8–6.

Sheldon runs to the net on every occasion, and is exceedingly quick on his feet and hard to pass. He chops the ball down over the net, and, in fact, his style in the front court very much resembles that of that past master of net play O. S. Campbell. He gets such a cut on to the ball that there is very little rise when it strikes the ground, and has a severe service. His drive is weak, and his hand and eye not sufficiently experienced yet to bring off the quick strokes that now too often go into the net.

The Stevens–Budlong match was the other attraction of this round. It was interesting as a struggle between men whose games are similar, and the better, steadier won. Budlong a year or so ago was one of the most promising players in the country; in practice he was a match for the best; but he has never got beyond that point, and now he seems to be at a standstill. The chief reason is his tendency to lose heart in a hard match, and let some of the snap out of his play. The match from first to last was characterized by long rallies, which Stevens usually won either by a well-placed drive or by Budlong knocking the ball into the net or out of the court. The play was from the back court with wearying monotony, but occasionally Budlong ran to the net, and when he did he scored more frequently than not. It was rather surprising he did not appreciate his advantage in this respect, and employ it oftener. Both men exhibited very skilful back-line play, and at times Budlong's ground strokes were as good as any we have ever seen. In the second set he struck a pace that Stevens could not maintain, and won without his opponent getting a game. Budlong usually assumed the lead at the beginning of the sets, but Stevens pulled up and won by steady, consistently hard work. 'Twas this gave him the match, 6–4, 0–6, 6–4, 6–4, for on occasions Budlong's work was cleverer, but Stevens was always the more certain at critical moments.

For the rest of the round only the match between R. D. and Evart Wrenn was interesting, and that only because of the game struggle Evart made to keep his younger and more skilful brother from attaining his conquest in straight sets. There were several moments when it looked as if one set would go to the older, but R. D. captured the deciding game, as he has many times before, by a wonderful save, followed by a neat kill, and won by 6–4, 6–4, 12–10. At the same time, on another court, G. L. Wrenn, another brother of this tennis-playing family, was walking through Paret to the score of 6–1, 6–0, 6–3; Paret played at his best, but Wrenn completely outclassed him. Larned won as easily from Lee, 6–4, 6–2, 6–4; as did Whitman from Ward, 6–3, 6–2, 6–0.

More interesting all-round play than that in the third round on Friday has seldom been seen at Newport. The first match brought Larned and Whitman together, with the former starting off in one of his uncertain streaks, which, before it left, made the score 3-love against him. When Larned did get earnestly to work, he showed beautiful cross-court driving. Whitman played well, too—especially when he got to the net—he has a curious and severe service, but his backhand strokes were inclined to go into the net instead of over it. His tennis, on the whole, was good, and showed improvement over last year, but he was outclassed. Larned reached his form in the second set, and quickly ran out it and the following one. Score, 6–4, 6–1, 6–2.

There was another opportunity of studying Sheldon's style when he met Fischer in this round. Fischer was in the best form I have seen him, putting tremendous pace into his drives, and lobbing with excellent judgment. He won, 6–4, 7–5, 2–6, 8–6, after the hardest match he has had this year. Time and again Sheldon, after earning an excellent chance to kill, lost it by putting the ball into the net; his shots are so short and snappy as to require consummate skill and much experience.

In my judgment his game seems to have greater possibilities than that of any other of the new men, except G. L. Wrenn. When he does get those strokes working unfailingly, he will take a lot of beating. As it is, he ought to make a very strong bid for the Inter-collegiate championships.

The Wrenn brothers again, this time R. D. and G. L., provided one of the most exciting matches of the day, and the best tennis of the tournament up to Friday. R. D. has not been showing his form of two years ago; he is fine, and there is not quite the pace nor accuracy in his strokes. G. L. is one of the most promising of the younger class of players. His game is somewhat like his brother's; it seems to me a little stronger in the drives into the far corners of the back court, but his work at the net is not so good as R. D.'s, though it is very clever. He is hard to pass, and quick to take advantage of an opening. He won the first set from R. D. before the latter had realized it, and made him work harder than he had yet this year at Newport to keep from also losing the second. It was, in fact, a struggle to the very last of the four sets, and R. D. won simply because his experience made him the steadier, and his work at the net was better. In driving down the side lines or cross-court there was little to choose between them. R. D. honestly earned his victory, 2–6, 8–6, 7–5, 9–7, and G. L. earned congratulations for his excellent showing;—his best this year.

Newport demonstrated last week that we have four very promising young players who will be candidates for first-class honors next year—G. L. Wrenn, G. P. Sheldon, Jun., M. D. Whitman, and L. E. Ware; Ware seems to have stood still the last year, but has flattering prospects, if he has not already reached his top form.

The Neel-Stevens match was somewhat remarkable in that a confirmed back-line player—although the cleverest exponent of that style—should have taken a set and made so close a fight for another with an essentially front-court player, and one of, if not indeed, the most skilful man at the net to-day. It may be explained in part by the fact that Carr Neel is not physically so strong, while the longer Stevens plays the harder grows his game; and in part by the further fact that Stevens's back-line game is the perfection of its kind. He puts plenty of pace in his drives from the back line, and his cross-drive into the front court is cleverly and frequently done and extremely hard to return.

Neel ran away with Stevens for two sets, but had to fight for every point in the other two in which deuce games were plentiful. Neel's work at the net was strong, though he tired perceptibly in the last two sets, and finally won out by some pretty kills. Stevens showed his best game of the season in the last two sets, and fittingly closes his tournament work; to win a set from Neel on back-court play is more than any one else could do. On placed balls Neel won 73; Stevens, 51; on opponent's nets, Neel, 48; Stevens, 36; on opponent's outs, Neel, 62; Stevens, 55; and Stevens made 1 double fault. Total points, Neel, 173; Stevens, 143.

R. D. Wrenn has many times won eventual victory with defeat staring him squarely in the face for more than half the contest, but he never had so narrow an escape as in his match with C. B. Neel on Saturday. Several times Neel was within a point of winning the second set, and had he captured that, the chances are good he would have won the match. Once, too, an error cost Neel a point which, as afterwards turned out, would have turned the tide his way. Wrenn may congratulate himself on his good fortune. Luck played a most important part in his success. Luck and endurance, indeed, were larger factors than skill. There is no gainsaying the fact that Neel, until the fifth set, played more skilful tennis than Wrenn, and showed equal generalship. In the first two sets Wrenn was very apparently out of form. Time and again when a fairly easy opportunity offered for killing he would drive the ball out of court. He was utterly unable to keep Neel back from the net, his lobbing being so short that Neel could stand in the front court and smash the ball where he chose. The most surprising feature of the match was Wrenn's inability to reach the net; too much of the time he seemed to be trying to play Stevens's back-line game, and certainly was not playing it nearly so well as that gentleman. And a greater part of the time we had the most unusual spectacle of Wrenn kept running from side to side of the back court by Neel, whom Wrenn could not dislodge from his stand at the net by his short and often miserable lobs.

Indeed, for three sets, and a part of the fourth, Wrenn was on the defensive continuously, his opponent outplacing, outlobbing, and outgeneralling him. In only one stroke did Wrenn excel, and that in a pretty cross-drive into Neel's fore court. He scored on this practically every time he used it. In the fourth set Neel secured a lead of 4–2, and it really began to look as if this time the ex-champion was done for. But now he began a spurt of the best tennis he had shown, and, after a great rally, won out, and made the score two sets all. This was the end of Neel; he was tiring, as he had against Stevens the day before, and Wrenn literally rushed through the fifth set, Neel making but an indifferent defence in the second and fourth games, and winning only one.

Wrenn honestly earned all the praise showered upon him; for though his tennis was never up to his form of two years ago, and at times really poor, yet his pluck and endurance and occasional brilliant play gave him victory over certainly the strongest volleying on American courts.

Neel deserves congratulations also; no cleverer, headier game has been seen at Newport than he played against Wrenn. His volleying was masterful, and his side-line placing well judged and effective. Wrenn wins by the notable score of 2–6, 14–12, 4–6, 6–4, 6–1. On placed balls Wrenn won 98; Neel, 87. On opponent's netted balls, Wrenn, 37; Neel, 28. On opponent's outs, Wrenn, 61; Neel, 73. On opponent's double faults, Wrenn, 2; Neel, 5. Total points—Wrenn, 198; Neel, 193.

The Larned-Fischer match was surprisingly brief, although it was not expected Fischer could win a set unless his opponent happened to have one of those "off" days. Larned, however, played strongly and with steady speed and brilliancy from start to finish, and won easily in straight sets, 6–1, 6–2, 6–1.

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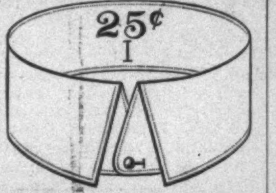

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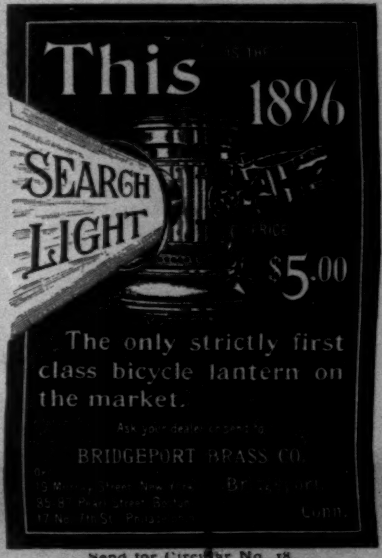

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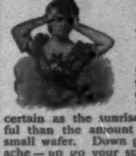

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